



1920

John Perico
Hinsdale, Illinois



Dedication

To the Alumni of the Hinsdale High School who, either on the battle fields of France or in this country, gave their lives in behalf of Democracy~~~The Senior Class in reverence dedicates this book.



LESLIE G. CHANDLER.



Leslie George Chandler.

Lieutenant Leslie George Chandler was born at Waukegan, Illinois on September 28th, 1895. He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Chandler and came to Hinsdale while still a small boy. With the completion of the lower grades, Lieutenant Chandler entered the Hinsdale Township High School with the class of 1914 and it was with this class that he graduated after spending four of the best years of his life working with and for the school. He then went to the University of Illinois, being a student there at the time of his enlistment.

Lieutenant Chandler entered the service at the First Officer's Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois on May 13th, 1917. Before completing the camp period he transferred to Aviation and received his commission as First Lieutenant, January 26th, 1918.

Lieutenant Chandler was detailed as an instructor at Kelly Field, Texas and was killed in an airplane accident on March 8th, 1918. He was buried at Gurnee, Lake County, Illinois.



RICHARDSON COLTON



Henry Richardson Colton.

Sergeant Henry Richardson Colton was born in Chicago, Illinois on February 5th, 1897, the only son of Mrs. Lillian M. Colton and the late C. H. Colton. He came to Hinsdale when but six years of age, graduated from the Grades and High School and entered the University of Illinois, where he was a student at the time of his enlistment.

Sergeant Colton enlisted in the Signal Corps on May 12th, 1917 and was assigned to Company "A" 311th Field Signal Battalion at Camp Grant, Illinois. He sailed overseas in September, 1918 with the 86th division.

Soon after arriving in France he was sent to training school at Langres, and was given his certificate of lieutenancy, despite the fact that the Armistice withheld his commission.

While at Langres, Sergeant Colton suffered an attack of influenza. Due to adverse conditions, complications set in and though he returned to the United States on April 17th, 1919, he did not recover. On November 13th, 1919 he died at his home and was buried at Bronswood Cemetery with Military Honors conducted by the Hinsdale Post of The American Legion.



LINUS C. RUTH.



Linus C. Ruth.

Sergeant Linus C. Ruth, the son of Mrs. Ella F. Ruth, and the late Judge Linus C. Ruth, was born in Hinsdale, Illinois on May 14th, 1892. He spent his entire life in this community, going through both the Grades and High School with high honors.

Sergeant Ruth enlisted in Company "B" 131st Infantry on April 13th, 1917. After a long period of training at Camp Logan, Texas, he sailed overseas on May 8th, 1918.

During the fighting at Chipilly Ridge on August 8th-10th, Sergeant Ruth received a severe machine gun bullet wound in the leg and on September 20th, 1918 he died of this wound at the U. S. General Hospital No. 16 with the British E. F. He was buried in the soldier's cemetery with military honors on September 22nd, 1918.



THOMAS McMILLAN WEDDELL.



Thomas McMillan Weddell.

Pilot Thomas McMillan Weddell was born October 21st, 1896 at Peoria, Illinois, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Weddell. He came to Hinsdale while still very young in life. He graduated from our Grade School and entered the Hinsdale Township High School with the class of 1915. His popularity and keen friendship will never be forgotten.

In 1916 "Mac" entered the service as a private in Battery "E" First Illinois Artillery, I. N. G., and served on the Mexican border during that year. In March, 1917 he transferred from the Artillery to Naval Aviation and received preliminary training at Pensacola, Florida.

Pilot Weddell sailed overseas in June, 1917 with the first contingent of the A. E. F. He experienced a long period of active duty and on July 1st, 1918 was killed in a seaplane accident while on scout duty at St. Nazaire, France. He was buried with military honors at the United States Cemetery at St. Nazaire.



To the Class of 1920

I congratulate you upon the "Log." It was characteristic of you that you should wish to publish an annual; characteristic, too, that you should of your own volition abandon the custom of buying class rings which has little to recommend it in order to insure the financial possibility of an annual. For during the four years of your high school course you have displayed initiative and resourcefulness linked with judgment and a true social viewpoint. Each succeeding year has seen you grow in power, in sense of responsibility, in mastery of the art of cooperative living. And your high school life reached its fullest expression, as of course it should, during your senior year. This year you have been the rock on which we have builded. Increasing maturity and saneness of judgment on your part have enabled the other members of the faculty and myself to meet you on something of a plane of comradeship.

I trust that the "Log" may in a measure serve to cement the bonds of friendship you have formed during your school course and may be a source of increasing pleasure to you as the years go by.

On behalf of the faculty of Hinsdale Township High School and particularly in my own behalf I wish to express our appreciation of the part you have played in our school life, and to extend to you our best wishes for the future. We hope you will find life beautiful and big, and learn that "it means intensely and means good." Our interest will go with you wherever you go. And we have no fear for you. You have learned much of the art of living together and that knowledge is going to bring you happiness. We would like to have you with us but we would not for the world keep you, because before you are the open road, the calling voices, and the lure of the unknown. You must hear those voices and go down that road. We know that you will go like men, like "gods in the germ", and that peace and joy will go with you.

H. D. Hughes.



H. D. HUGHES



H. A. FLANDERS—Mathematics.

LAURA M. TRACY—English.

F. N. PETERSON—Manual Training.

EFFIE CASE—Latin.



E. A. SPESSARD—Science.

CORA POTTER—History.

WINIFRED H. LITTEL—English.

VIVIAN HUFFACKER — French and Spanish.



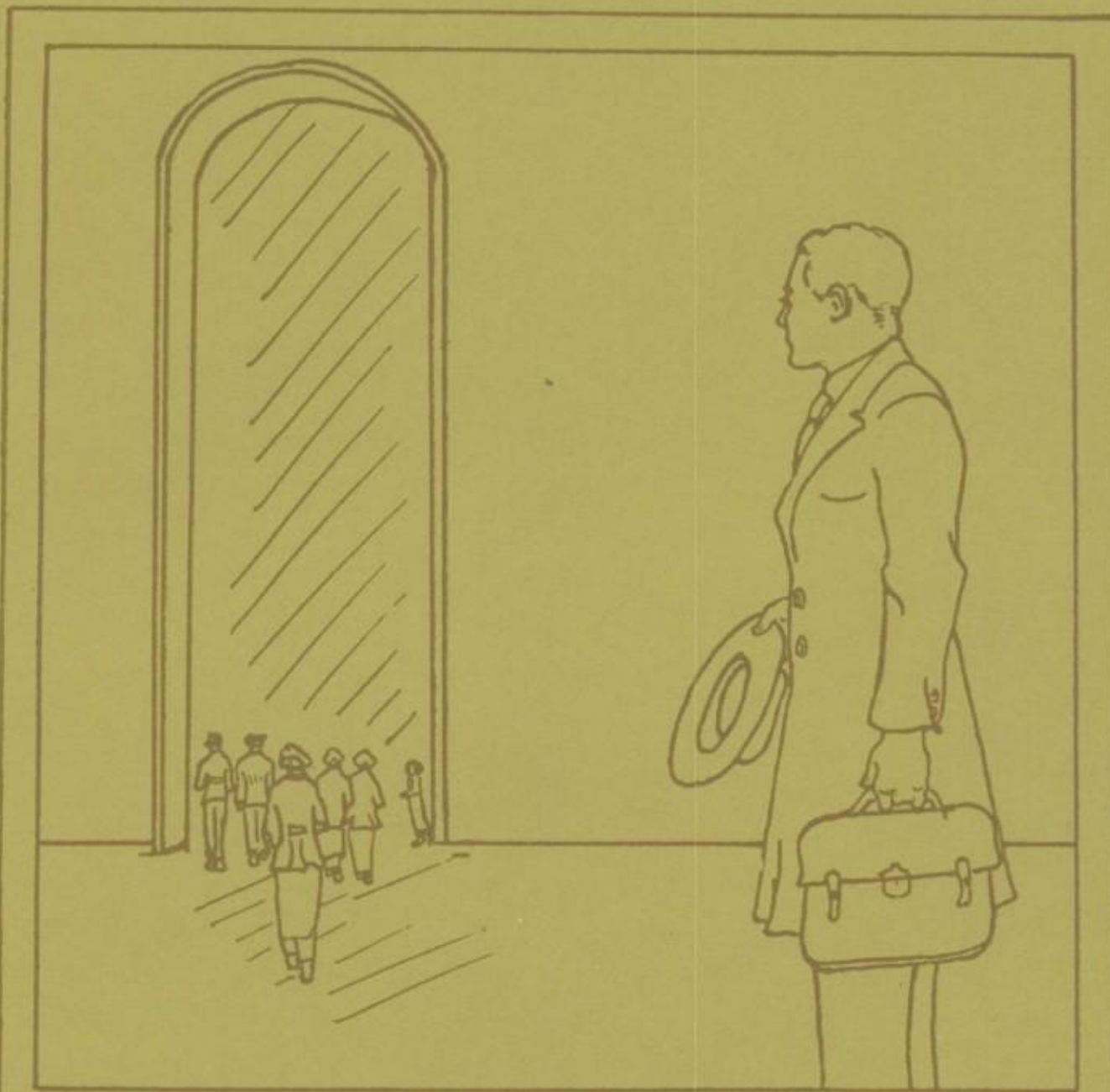


GRACE MATTHEWS—Domestic Science.

OLIVE HANSON—Art.

IOLA BREWER—Commercial.

RUTH SHULTE—Stenographer.



STUDENT BODY AND ALUMNI



Alumni

IN an effort to thank the Alumni for helping to make possible the 1920 issue of the "Log," this article is written.

In the publication of such a book as this, it is necessary to have an enormous amount of support, and to this end the Alumni have gone far past our expectations.

When letters were sent out to all Alumni, asking for their backing on the project, an attempt was also made to awaken them to the extent of organizing an Alumni Association. This plan should be carried still further so that at all times they will be in touch with the school; for no organization could possibly have the influence on the school that one has which is made up entirely of former students thereof.

Whether it is for support in publishing a book of this kind or for reasons pertaining to social activities, an Alumni Association will always be advantageous to the school. So it is with an added effort that we urge the promotion of such an organization.



THE STAFF OF THE 1920 "LOG"

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	MARION E. SMITH
LITERARY EDITOR	THEODORE LAMB
ATHLETIC EDITOR	HAROLD HINCKLEY
ART EDITOR	RUTH FRENCH
ALUMNI EDITOR	HAROLD ROSSMAN
HUMOR EDITOR	FRANK ELAM
ASS'T ART EDITOR	ELITA HYDE
FACULTY ADVISOR	LAURA M. TRACY

BUSINESS STAFF

BUSINESS MANAGER	H. GARDINER SYMONDS
ADVERTISING MANAGER	C. RAYMOND FREDRICKS



The Man Of The Hour

Cast of Characters

Charles Wainwright—*Harold Rossman.*

Henry Thompson—*Lloyd Bither.*

Scott H. Gibbs—*Karl Ostrum.*

William Ingram—*George Armstrong.*

Judge Newman—*Raymond Fredricks.*

Dallas Wainwright—*Isabel Schaefer.*

Perry Carter Wainwright—*Ralph Peirce.*

Alwyn Bennett—*Gardiner Symonds.*

Cynthia Garrison—*Marion Strom.*

Mrs. Bennett—*Gertrude Stoll.*

James Phelan—*Henry Neil.*

Richard Horigan—*Newell Beatty.*

Richard P. Roberts—*Ralph Dorstewitz.*

Henry Williams—*Robert Ayres.*

Arthur Payne—*Frank Elam.*

Act I. A room in the summer home of Charles Wainwright.

Act II. The Mayor's office.

Act III. Reception room of the Carlton Hotel.

Act IV. Two committee rooms in the City Hall.

The time is the present.

The place is any large city in America.

Synopsis

The play "The Man of The Hour," which shows how the governments of large cities are controlled by political bosses and graft, opens in the summer home of Charles Wainwright. He is very wealthy, the making of money being his one thought at all times. Living with him are his niece, Dallas and her brother Perry. The money their father left them is controlled

by their uncle until Perry is twenty-five.

Scott H. Gibbs is a successful stock broker, who, like Wainwright, has one ambition—money. He wishes to marry Dallas, and has a false report of their engagement published in the newspaper, hoping thus to force her to it. Wainwright tells him he thinks it will bring Dallas to the point of really marrying him.

Dallas is of course greatly surprised by the announcement and not knowing Gibbs had done it, tells him she is greatly annoyed and will deny it, although Gibbs asks her not to, and to consider marrying him.

Cynthia Garrison is introduced, and Perry immediately falls in love with her. The story is told how her father had been deceived by a great financier and had been involved in a bank failure and as a result kills himself, and how his wife died from the shock, leaving Cynthia dependent upon friends and a son, Henry, who supposedly went west to avoid the disgrace.

Gibbs and Wainwright are working together on a deal which will net them a great fortune. It is a Borough Street Railway Franchise. Two of the powerful bosses by whom Wainwright expects to be assisted in this deal are Dick Horigan and Jim Phelan. They are bitter enemies, but Wainwright hopes to reconcile them so that they may help him. They make Alwyn Bennett mayor, thinking that they can control him, but when he finds that Wainwright's franchise is crooked, he vetoes it. Horigan and Wainwright do everything in their power to force Bennett to pass the bill, but he remains firm in his duty.



When Bennett learns that Wainwright, hoping to force him to pass the franchise, has invested all of Dallas' and Perry's money in the Borough stock, and realizes his veto will cause the loss of all their money, he advances Perry the money to sell the actual amount of their stock, thus protecting them from any loss; first having made Perry promise to say nothing of this to Dallas.

Mr. Wainwright and Mr. Gibbs find this out and tell Dallas that Bennett bought the stock for his own profit in order to insure *himself* against loss, but would veto the bill regardless of loss to her and to Perry. When Bennett will not explain to Dallas—desiring, as he says later, "her love, not her gratitude," Dallas promises to marry Gibbs.

Cynthia Garrison becomes engaged to Perry and she identifies Henry Thompson as her brother Henry Garrison. Garrison at the time of his father's death found that Wainwright

was the financier who had deceived his father, and so he had disguised himself as Henry Thompson and become Wainwright's private secretary. Having kept account of the crooked deals of Wainwright for nine years, he now hands the accounts over to the mayor and thus avenges his father's death.

The aldermen of the city believing Horigan's story—that Bennett has vetoed the bill for his private gain—are about to pass it over his veto. But Perry finds this out in time to explain the real reason for Bennett's having speculated in the Borough stock, and the bill fails to pass.

Dallas overheard Gibbs tell Bennett that he will break his engagement with Dallas and thus leave her free to marry him, in return for the passing of the bill; and hears Bennett, enraged at such a proposition, refuse to consider it. She then breaks her engagement with Gibbs and goes to Bennett to be forgiven.

The Man From Home

Cast of Characters.

Daniel Voorhees Pike. Robert Ayres
The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch
..... Paul Wilson
The Earl of Hawcastle.....
..... Harold Bingham
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn.....
..... Harold Hinckley
Ivanoff Frank Elam
Horace Granger-Simpson
..... Theodore Lamb
Ribiere. Ralph Dorstewitz
Mariano.....Gurdon Straus
Michele Harold Rossman
Carabinere.....Gardiner Symonds

Valet de Chambre.....
..... George Armstrong
Ethel Granger-Simpson
..... Marion Smith
Comtesse de Champigny.....
..... Ruth French
Lady Creech.....Chrystal Gordon

The scene is laid in Sorrento, Italy. Horace Granger-Simpson and his sister Ethel, young Americans from Indiana, ashamed of their country, have sought to gain social prestige and refinement among the "fine flower" of Europe.

Ethel, in forming an alliance with the Honorable Almeric St. Aubyn,



son of the Earl of Hawcastle, is forced to write to her guardian in Kokomo, Indiana for money to meet the requirements of the settlement.

Much to the humiliation of the two young Americans, the girl's guardian, Mr. Daniel Voorhees Pike, suddenly arrives in Sorrento. He is a typical western statesman, thoroughly disgusting to the English nobility as well as to the Granger-Simpsons.

Mr. Pike has travelled from Naples to Sorrento in an automobile with the Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch, who upon his arrival in Sorrento, desires to maintain a complete incognito.

Lady Creech, sister-in-law to the Earl of Hawcastle and Ethel's chaperon, with superior haughtiness, boasts of the St. Aubyn family, a family never sullied by low ideals of barter and exchange. But in the course of Mr. Pike's thorough investigation concerning the family with whom his ward is seeking an alliance, he discloses the fact that at one time, Lord Hawcastle was in business in Russia.

Ivanoff is a Russian constitutionalist, formerly a professor and translator in the bureau of the minister of finance. He transferred government funds to the Society of the Blue Fifty. Through treachery Ivanoff was caught and sent to Siberia.

An Englishman, having contracts with the Russian government and supposedly Ivanoff's friend, disappeared, taking Ivanoff's French wife and fifty thousand rubles of government money. Pike discovers and proves these two to be none other than Lord Hawcastle and the Comtesse de Champigny.

Pike and Vasili protect Ivanoff who is fleeing from the Italian Carabinieri thereby putting themselves in danger of imprisonment for protecting a criminal.

Hawcastle in an effort to keep Pike quiet regarding this most disgraceful affair threatens that unless Pike agrees to the settlement Ivanoff will go back to Siberia, and Pike to an Italian prison. Pike refuses to come to the agreement. Ivanoff is brought forth and recognizes his wife and Hawcastle, who in turn recognize him.

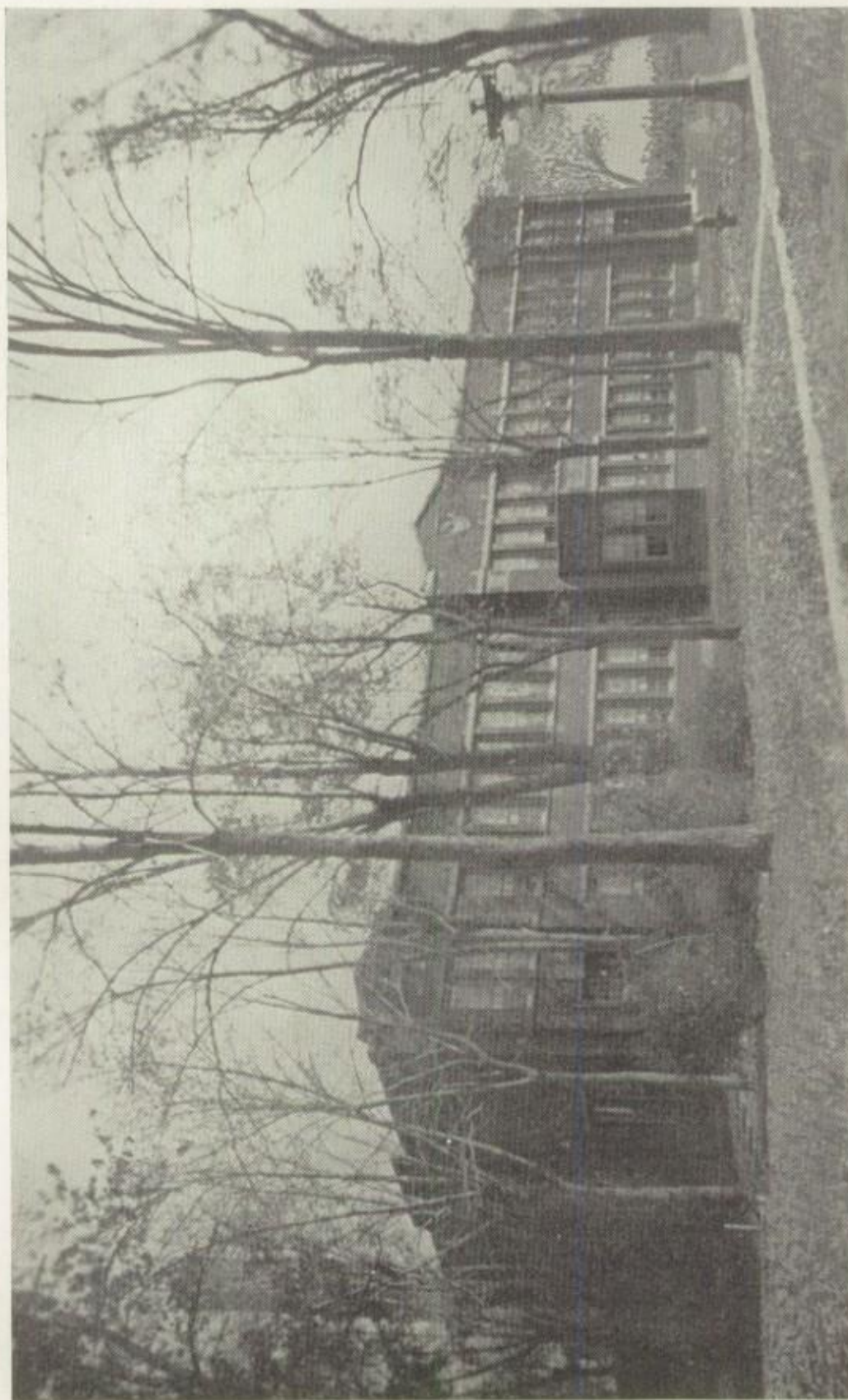
Ethel, despite the interview in which the historic name of St. Aubyn is reduced to disgrace and dishonor, stands true to her promise, until she herself becomes so thoroughly disgusted with the English nobility in general and Almeric and his family in particular, that she cancels every promise she ever made to them. And Ethel, who throughout the play has maintained a defiant and superior air toward Pike, ends by falling in love with him.

Commencement Program

June 13 Baccalaureate Sunday.
June 15 Senior Play "The Man from Home."
June 16 Class Day Exercises.
June 17 Commencement.
June 18 Junior Prom.

Address by The Reverend John T. Stone, First Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

Senior Class Honors:
Valedictory.....Gardiner Symonds
Salutatory.....Elsie Klein





History of the Class of 1920

WHO can describe our feelings as in our 8th year of school we realized that besides being the class of '16 we were to be something far greater, the class of '20. We could only dream then of the honor and prestige we would bring to this symbol, but with what awe and reverence it will be pronounced in future years. For those who do not already know the remarkable record made by this class, I as an impartial historian dedicate these lines.

Were we green freshmen? Yes, all freshmen are green; some, however, are a darker hue than others. Those who say they were not, have either feeble memories or are so young that have not yet passed out of this unseasoned stage. But, gentle reader, I do not hesitate to say that we were far superior to the ordinary gullibly simple freshmen classes, for we were several times invited to high school assemblies and were thus in a measure prepared for our duties when, as the class of '20, we entered high school.

Of course it was recognized by every one that something bigger, better and more in keeping with the abilities and size of the budding class, must be prepared for it. Thus the present high school building was planned and built.

On taking our seats in our assembly hall that September morning in 1916 we were the largest class that had ever entered the high school save one (the class entering in 1911.) So it was with some trepidation that the mighty sophomores approached us to administer the customary humiliating training due Freshman from the upper classmen. 'Twas a bitter day for them when with pajamas in hand they approached one of our classmates to deck him more becoming their ideas. The plan didn't work; when all was over not a Sophomore was in sight and Freshmen were everywhere.

Since that day hazing has been less popular. Far be it from me to boast, but some times it is hard to suppress a spirit of exaltation as I review our record in all activities of the school that will make the class of '20 one long to be remembered.

By getting third in the Basketball class series when we were Freshmen and winning first place, in the last three years we have established a record hard to beat. In track it is the same story. By defeating the Sophomores in the class track meet our first year we won third place; and in the class meet held last year we defeated the Seniors, our nearest competitors, by the overwhelming score of 81-18. This year our prospects seem even brighter.

Yes! We are pretty busy this year—between producing two plays, keeping up our school work and publishing the "Log", we are very busy. And finally to remove all doubt as to our superiority, we challenged the Faculty and the remainder of the school to a baseball game, defeating them by a score of 10-5.

What, you may ask, has enabled us to make such a record. One word will answer—pure, unlimited, unconfined "Pep"! Not forgetting, however, a fullmeasure of loyalty and school spirit.

T. Lamb, '20.



BERNICE ALYEA—"Babe."

"And smiled to see
That love was in the next degree."
Nicholas Senn (1) (2).

GEORGE ARMSTRONG—"Pewee."

"Quiet, we admit, but he gets there
Just the same."

ROBERT AYRES—"Fish."

"Oh, the light that lies in woman's eyes
And lies, and lies, and lies."

Class president (4), Track (1) (3) (4),
Baseball manager (3), Basketball (2) (3)
(4), President Hi Y (4), Treasurer Rooseveltians (3), Junior Prom committee (3),
Football (3) (4).

HAROLD BINGHAM—"Bighead."

"Assumes the God; affects to nod;
And seems to shake the spheres."

Football (3) (4), Rooseveltians (3) (4),
Chairman Service committee Hi Y (4).



LLOYD BITHER—"Otto."

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Basketball (3) (4), Football (3) (4),
Class track (3) (4), Rooseveltians (3) (4).

MARGARET CLOW—"Peggy."

"Buxom, blithe and debonair."

RALPH DORSTEWITZ—"Tony."

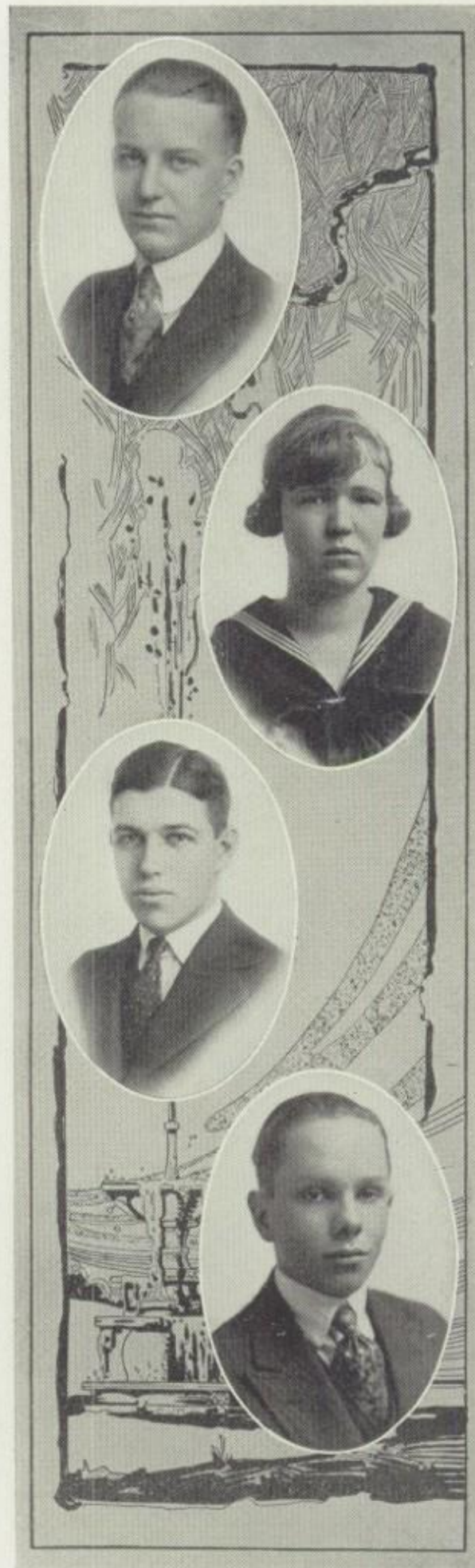
"Never do today what you can put off
until tomorrow."

Class treasurer (1), Basketball (1) (2)
(3) (4), Track (3) (4), Football (3) (4),
Tennis team (3), Athletic Board of Con-
trol (2) (3) (4), Hi Y (4).

FRANK ELAM—"Puggie."

"Whom no revenue hast, but his good
spirits."

Deerfield Shields (1), Hyde Park (2),
Crane Tech. (3), Humor Editor of "Log"
(4), Secretary Hi Y (4), Rooseveltians
(4).





RAYMOND FREDRICKS—"Cecil."

"Gangway!"

Advertising manager of "Log" (4).



RUTH FRENCH—"Rudy."

"True merit like a river; the deeper it is, the less noise it makes."

Art editor of "Log" (4), Social committee (3) (4), Junior Prom committee (3), Class basketball (4), "Tatlers" (3).



CHRYSTAL GORDON—"Chris."

"She doeth little kindn sses which most leave undone, or despise."

Social committee (2) (3), "Tatlers" (3), Class basketball (4).



LOUIS GIESENER—"Lazy."

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."



HAROLD HINCKLEY—"Hinck."

"My idea of an agreeable person
Is one who agrees with me."

Class president (1), Basketball (2) (3)
(4), Track (3) (4), Manager (3), Football
(3) (4), Athletic Board of Control (3) (4),
Athletic editor of "Log" (4), Hi Y (4),
Tennis (3) (4), Baseball (3) (4).

ELSIE KLEIN—"Elsie."

"With flying fingers touched the lyre
And trembling notes ascend the sky."
Class basketball (4).

EDITH KYLEN—"Ede."

"Her modesty's but a candle to her
merit."
Class basketball (4).

THEODORE LAMB—"Ted."

"Forgive me if I blush."

Class vice-president (1), Class president
(2), Track team (3) (4), Manager (4),
Basketball (3) (4), Football (3) (4),
Rooseveltians (3) (4), President (3), Vice-
president Hi Y (4), Athletic Board of Con-
trol (4), Literary editor (4).





LORETTA LUTHIN—"Lorett."

"A friend modest and quiet too."
Class basketball (4).



BEATRICE MacDONALD—"Bea."

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be."
Class basketball (4).



HENRY NEIL—"Heinie."

"I love them all, God bless them."
Oak Park High School (1) (2) (3) (4),
Class football (4), Hi Y (4), Baseball (4).



KARL OSTRUM—"Olie."

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."
Baseball (3) (4), Football (3) (4), Tennis team (3), Class cheer leader (1) (2) (3) (4), Junior Prom committee (3), Hi Y (4).



RALPH PEIRCE—"Peircy."

"His only books were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught him."
Rooseveltians (3) (4).

HAROLD ROSSMAN—"Cupid."

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

Basketball (2) (3) (4), Football (3) (4),
Captain (4), Baseball (3) (4), Track (3)
(4), Athletic Board of Control (4), Alumni
editor of "Log."

BLANCHE TATE—"Rusty."

"Three things doth shine,
The sun, the moon, my hair."

ISABLE SCHAEFER—Isy."

"If you can't see her, you can hear
her."

Social committee (1) (2) (3) (4), "Tat-
lers" (3), Class secretary and treasurer
(3), Class vice-president (2), Junior Prom
committee (3).





ARMIN SCHEIHORN—"Silent."

"Give every man thy ear,
But few thy voice."

MARION SMITH—"Marnie."

"The pen is mightier than the sword."
Secretary and treasurer (2) (4), Class
president (3), Social committee (2) (3),
"Tatlers" (3), Chief of staff (4).

GERTRUDE STOLL—"Gert."

"Never love unless you can,
Bear with all the faults of man."
Class basketball (4).

MARION STROM—"Theda."

"Like another Helen
Fired another Troy."
Class basketball (4).



H. GARDINER SYMONDS—

“This is the smallest High School I ever tried to run.”

Rooseveltians—Vice-president (3), Program committee (4), Football manager (4), Football (3) (4), Junior Prom committee (3), Class basketball (4), Hi Y (4), Business manager “Log” (4), Class football (3), Class track (3) (4), Track team (4).

PAUL R. WILSON—“Doc.”

“His bark is worse than his bite.”

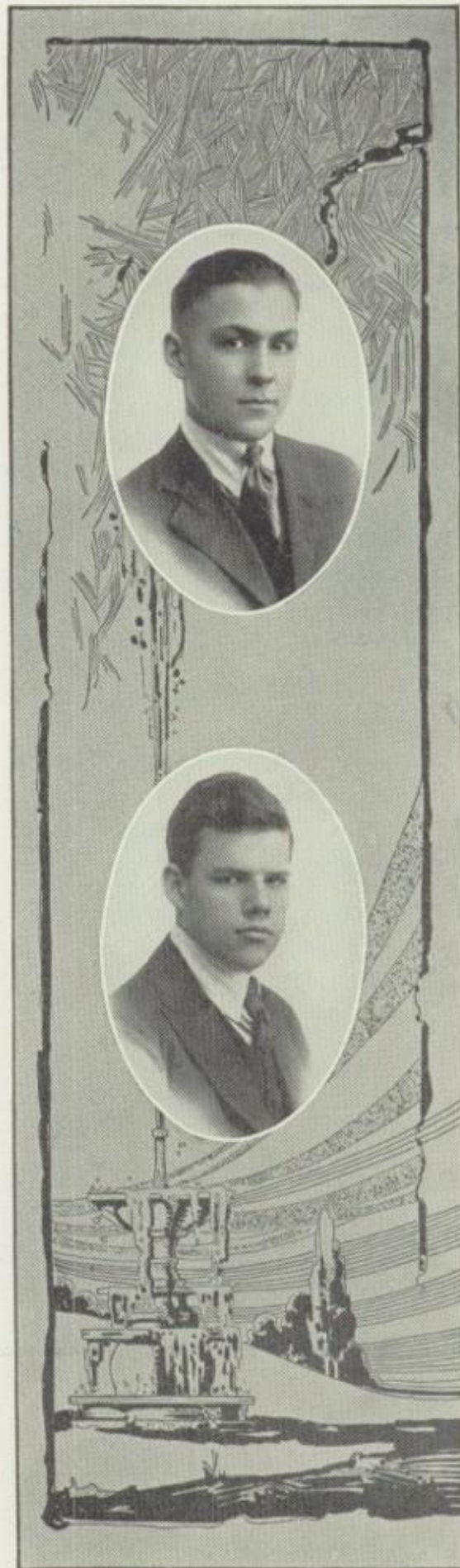
Rooseveltians (3), President (4), Basketball manager (4), Basketball (4), Class basketball (3) (4), Junior Prom committee (3), Hi Y program chairman (4), Class track (3) (4).

GURDON S. STRAUSS—“Mugga.”

“We grant that although he has much wit

He is very shy in using it.”

Football (3) (4), Class football (3) (4), Class basketball (2) (3) (4), Tennis (3), Rooseveltians (3) (4).





History of 1921

THE class of 1921 entered Hinsdale Township High School in the fall of 1917 with flying banners. They started off by winning second place in the basketball Class Series. It elected Oliver Cumback as president, Margaret MacMillian as vice-president and Elita Hyde as secretary and treasurer, dazzled the school by their choice of sweaters and settled down to make a reputation for themselves. In their Sophomore year the class of '21 feeling that their honors of the year before them were enough to last them for some time considerably took last place in the series. This gave the other classes a chance to get on their feet once more and to hold up their heads. Again the class elected Oliver Cumback president and George Service vice-president, Roderick was elected secretary and treasurer. The sweaters had begun to fade a little by now.) Realizing that the class would be obliged to give a prom to the Seniors the next year it was decided to have class dues amounting to fifteen cents a month. This momentous question having been decided the class again took to studying.

When September 1919 arrived the lower classes were again accorded the privilege of gazing at the the class of '21 from a respectful distance. The members of the class elected R. W. Lamb, Elvira Rossow, and Grace Smith, president, vice-president, and secretary-treasurer respectively. When the series came along we showed unselfishness and again stood fourth in the lists. During the Christmas vacation Roderick Rawlins gave a sleigh ride for his fellow sufferers and "a most enjoyable time was had by all." (Most of the sweaters have been dyed.) Shortly after the beginning of the second semester the girls had a basketball tournament and the class of 1921 took first place.

In conclusion I think that the class of 1921 is the coming class. It has been coming for the last three years.

Dorothy Howell, '21



EUGENE ANDERSON—“Casper.”

“Who is this that’s walking down our
aisle in that bewitching smile?”

THOMAS ARMSTRONG—“Tawm.”

“Blessings on thee, little man.”

NEWELL BEATTY—“Farmer.”

“Smash ‘em bust ‘em, that’s his cus-
tom.”

Richton High School (2), New Jersey
all state half back, H. S. basketball (4),
H. S. track (4).

MARY BINGHAM—“Mel.”

“With all her faults we lover her still
—the stiller the better.”

Class basketball (3).





JEAN BIRKIN—"Jeff."

"She is quiet around school
But you really don't know her."
Oak Park (1) (2).

WALTER BRANDT—"Chickie."

"Come now, smile for the ladies."
Football (3), Basketball (2) (3), Rooseveltians (2) (3).

OLIVER CUMBACK—"Ollie."

"Merrily we roll along."
Basketball (1) (2), Football (3), Class president (1) (2).

FRANCES FENN—"Fanny."

"A maiden fair, they say,
Who with her music drives dull care
away."
University High School (2), Field Hockey (2), Class basketball (2) (3), Literary Society (2).



LEAH HEIDEMAN—"Lee."

"None know the reason why this curse
Was set on her, this love of making
verse."

Class basketball (3), "Tatlers" (2).

DOROTHY HOWELL—"Dor."

"Look out—when she starts something's
sure to happen."

"Tatlers" (2), Class basketball (3).

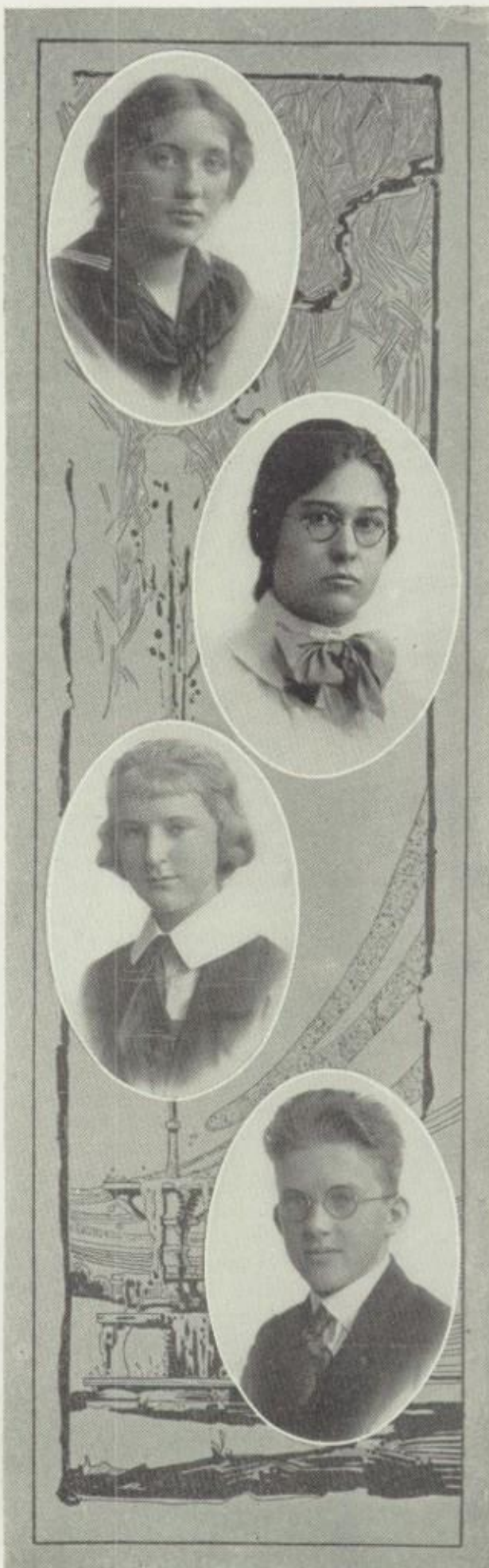
ELITA HYDE—"Lita."

"A daughter of the Gods
Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Class secretary and treasurer (1), Social
committee (2) (3), "Tatlers" (2), Class
basketball (3).

CLARENCE JOHNSON—"Clary."

"His nature is too noble for this
world."





EDWARD JOHNSON—"Ed"

"Trust not him that seems a saint."

SIGFRIED KARLSON—"Siegy."

"He does nothing in particular
But he does it well."

Social committee (1) (2), Athletic
Board of Control (3), Class basketball (2)
(3).

RICHARD LAMB—"Dick."

"The poms and vanities of this wicked
world doth make a slave of him."

Class president (3), Vice-president
Rooseveltians (3), Rooseveltians (2).

DONALD LATHROP—"Bud Fisher Jr."

"It's clever, but is it art?"



FRANCES MARKMAN—"Fran."

"Time hath a taming hand."
(We still have hope.)

GRACE MECARTNEY—"Meek."

"I'm late, but I must have my sleep."
Social committee (2) (3).

GRACE MORROW—"Gay."

"She makes 'much ado about nothing'."

CAROLYN PEET—"Carol."

"Could some ancient rise from ages dim,
In Greek or Latin she'd converse with
him."

Class basketball (3).





RODERICK RAWLINS—"Rod."

"No pushy no pully
But go'ey like Helly."

Class basketball (2) (3), Class treasurer
(2), Athletic Board of Control (2).

WILLIAM REGNERY—"Willy Dilly."

"A man's a man for a' that."

ELVIRA ROSSOW—"Vira."

"She has a little shadow that goes in
and out with her."

Class basketball (3), Social committee
(3).

LAURA SCHAPER—"Lor."

"Here is a maiden, good without pre-
tense,
Blest with rare reason.
And with sober sense."



GRACE SMITH—"Smitty."

"And never was she wont to try
To pass the Candy Kitchen by."
Class treasurer (3), "Tatlers" (2),
Class basketball (3).

ELSIE TROEGER—"Bonnie."

"She never flunks, she never lied,
I reckon it's because she never tried."
Class basketball (3).

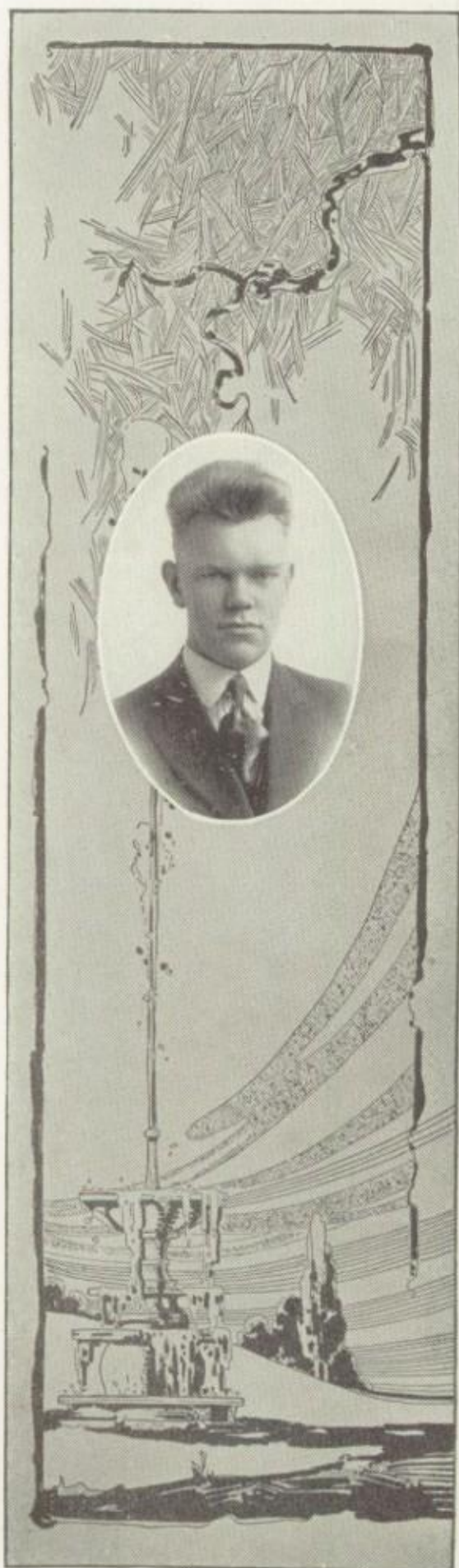
ALMIRA WEBSTER—"Mima."

"Absence of occupation is not rest."

DOROTHY WILSON—"Dot."

"She that is fair and never proud,
Has tongue at will, and yet is never
loud."





CHARLES ZOETHOUT—"Shoe Tops."

"He isn't much in a crowd
But when you get him alone,
You'd be surprised."



History of Class of 1922

THE autumn of the year 1918 marked the beginning of an epoch in the history of H. T. H. S. What was this magnetic presence which cast a spell over the entire school, inspiring the hearts of the multitude with awe and admiration? It was the class of 1922, no greater class has ever entered the High School, seventy-five strong, and filled with those noble ideals and high motives which were to lead to the betterment of the School.

As Diogenes searched the streets of Athens for an honest man, so, on that first great day, upper-classmen could be found peering into the obscure corners of the halls for a typical, old-fashioned, green Freshie. But alas! their quest was fruitless. There wasn't any such animal and they must needs be content to await in patience the next year's crop.

From the first, the class of '22 has shown itself to be a success in athletics as well as in scholarship. Mr. Hughes, has stated that no other class so readily and swiftly adapted itself to the completely changed conditions and new surroundings, which are encountered by a ninth-grade class, as did ours.

Our basketball team started in by taking third place in the class series of 1918, and the following year it emerged from the struggle in second place, only the Seniors blocking its way to complete victory.

In that great military organization, the H. T. H. S. Battalion, of the two companies, four corporals and two sergeants were Freshmen, which fact speaks for itself as to the superior commanding ability of the members of this class.

We were chosen as the means of instrument for an important experiment,—that of self-government. For four months we conducted our morning and noon assembly halls without the supervision of a teacher, a member of the class being elected each week to take charge of the room.

In September 1919, somewhat diminished in numbers, thirty having dropped out for various reasons, we took up our work with the same vigor and enthusiasm which was so characteristic of everything we did.

Our basketball team, as we have said before, came out of the class series in second place. We were represented on the football squad, which, in spite of its losing season in the sense of victories, was considered successful by many. At the time of writing it is yet to be seen what we shall do in track.

And we are now only beginning; the two best years of our all-too-brief career in H. T. H. S. are yet ahead of us.

"Stay on along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last two years,
For which the first were made."
Apologies to Browning.

Edward Hinckley, '22.

Thirty-nine

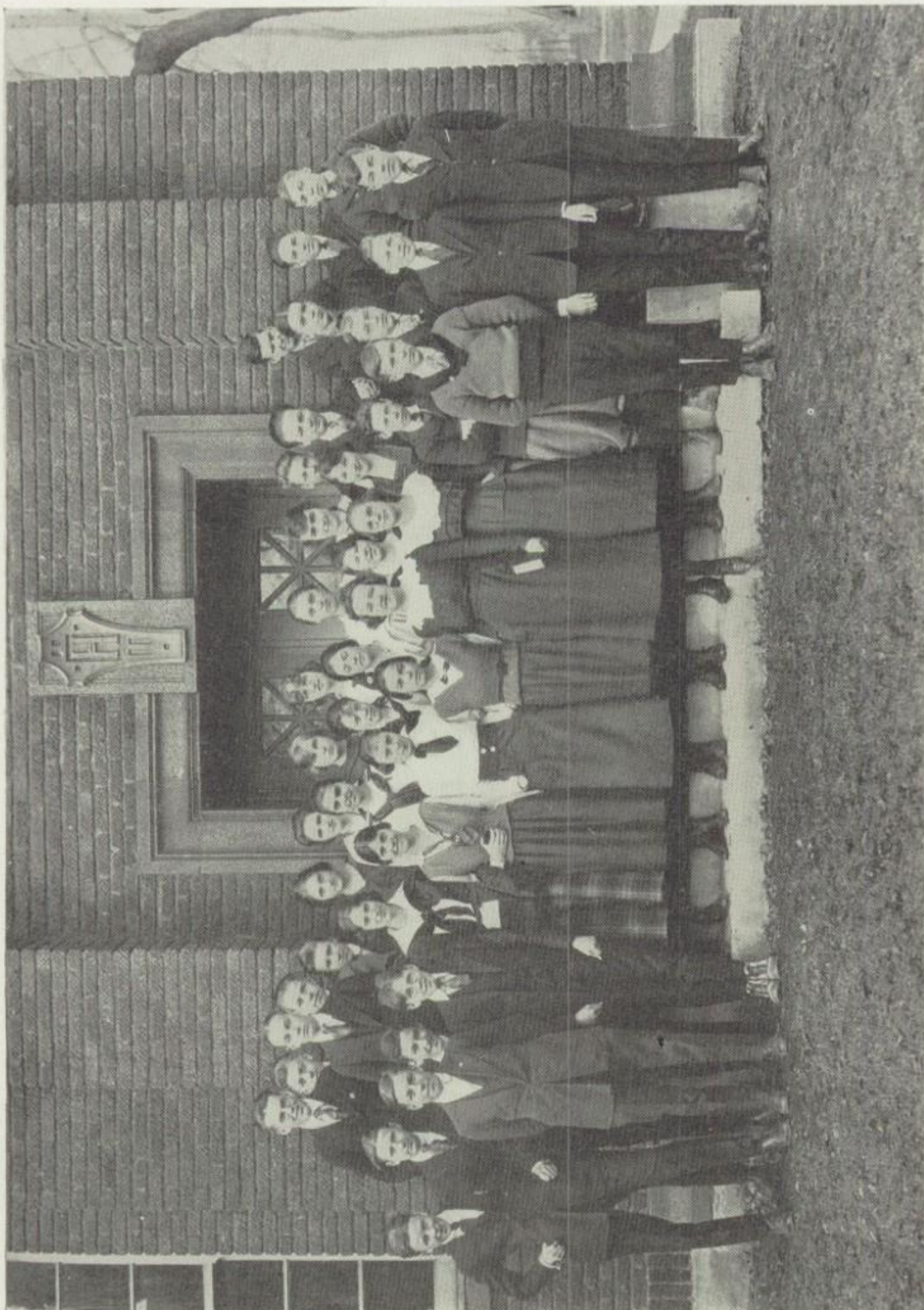


RICHARD CARTLIDGE President

HERBERT MANN Vice-president

DOROTHY MORSE Treasurer

JULIA PEET Secretary



Forty-one



The Class of 1923

IT IS impossible for anyone in High School, least of all a Freshman, to ever forget that beautiful morning, the second of September, 1919, when the class of '23 entered the Hinsdale township High School. There certainly was never such a green bunch as those Freshmen were, but the way they took hold of the work and fell right into the routine of high school life was astonishing.

They took, with good spirit, all the hoots and jeers of the Sophomores, until the latter grew tired of their play and left us in peace.

They worked hard at basket ball practice and took third place in the class series, losing to the Sophomores by only one point. There were three Freshmen on the school's second team, and one substitute for the first team was from that class. They went into football with a will and the efforts of both those who made the team and those who cheered from the side lines were of great support in the hard fought contests. There are many among them are skilled in track and field events and they promise to help win many meets in the coming season.

Because I have laid stress upon their athletic abilities does not by any means indicate that they are not good students. They have received on an average, excellent marks in the past months and many of their names have appeared on the Honor Roll repeatedly.

They have taken active part in all the social activities of the school and have had many good times together at parties of their own.

Altogether the Freshmen have lead an interesting and happy life since their entrance into high school and they have hopes of more good times in the three years which are left to them in that grand old institution, The Hinsdale Township High School.

Donald Stookey, '23.

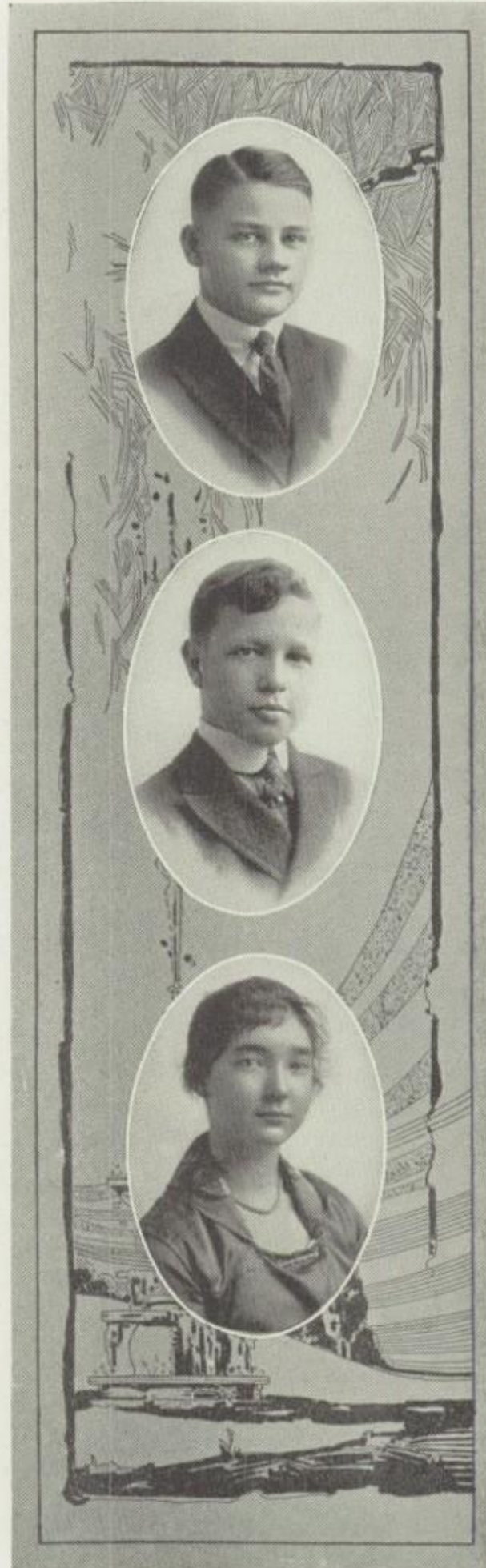


MARSHALL NEIL.....President

DONALD STOOKEY Vice-President

JOHNETTA MARSHALL Treasurer

ELLA LEMON Secretary







In Memorium



ETHEL O'NEILL

Born October 8, 1902—Died June 13, 1919.



EDWARD FLECK

Born March 14, 1903—Died February 4, 1919.

Forty-five



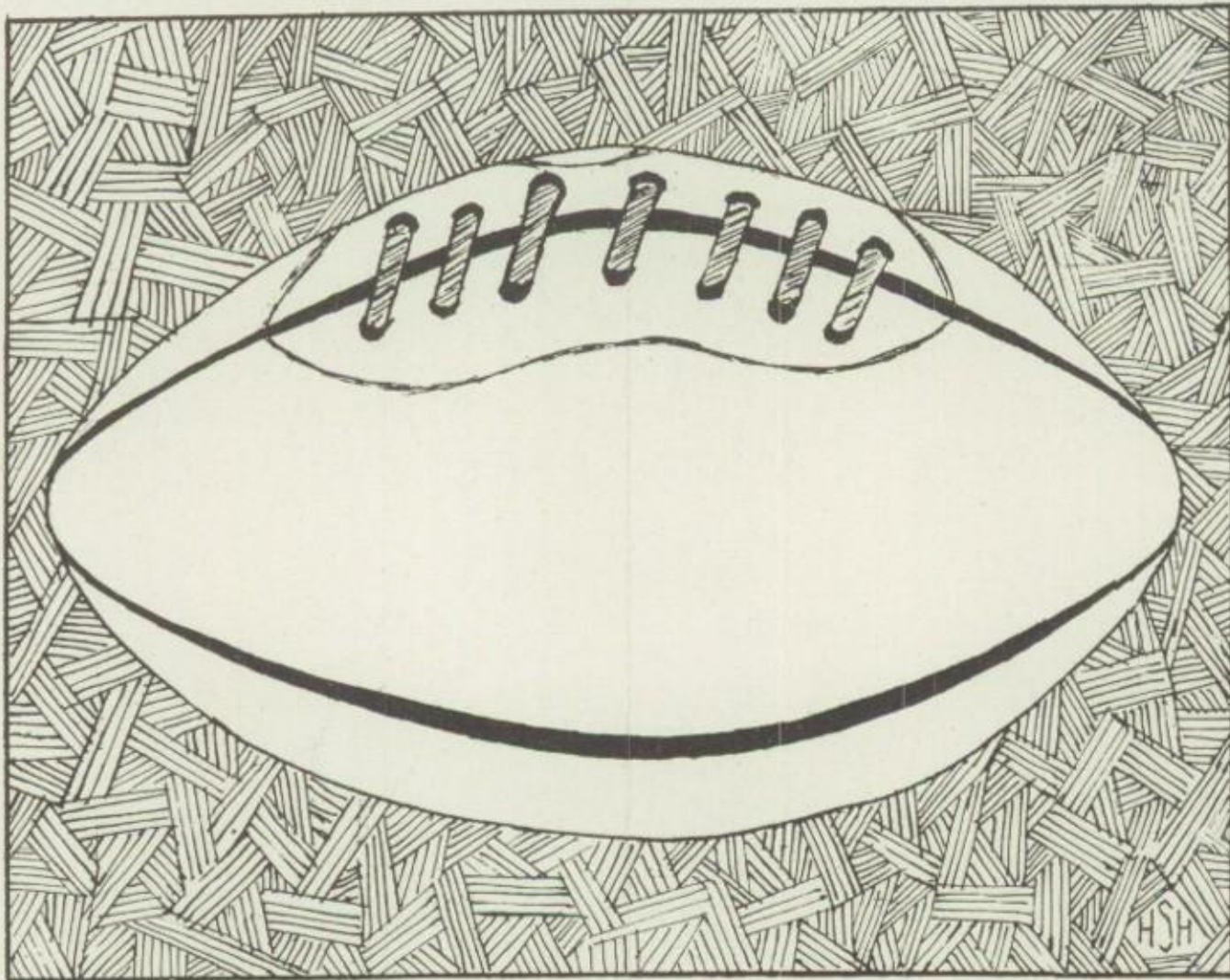


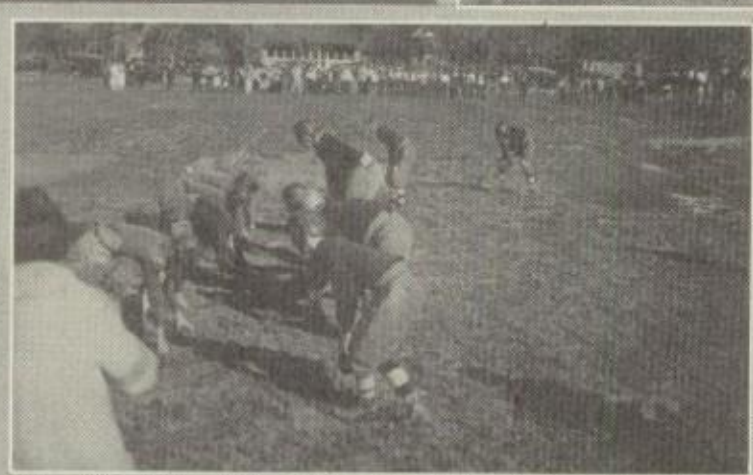
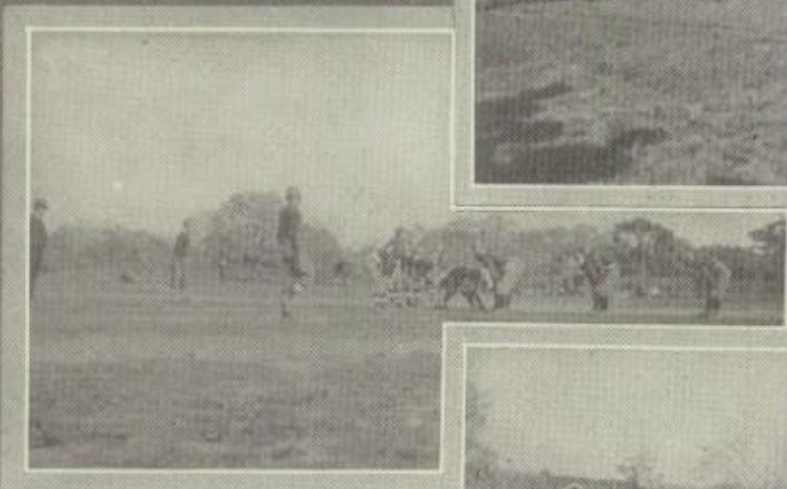
ATHLETICS

E. F. Hyde.



FOOTBALL







FOOTBALL

The fall of 1919 marked the revival of football in the Hinsdale Township High School. Inasmuch as there has been no team in the school for many years, Coach Peterson had the task of finding and training new material. About a dozen men reported for the first practice, but within a week a squad of twenty-five were making good headway on the field.

On September 4, 1919, the first game of the season was played with Riverside and resulted in a 7-7 tie. It was considered a successful game in that we were up against a team with previous years of experience and also being the initial game of the season it uncovered many good and weak spots in the line-up. The following week the team traveled to Mooseheart and met their strong squad of husky veterans. Here the team met a decisive defeat and lost several of its men through injury. In the next games of the season with Glen Ellyn, Naperville and Downers Grove a very much crippled team was put on the field and altho good football was played our eleven was the victim in each case.

Thus in spite of the defeats and unavoidable conditions the team showed the fight and spirit that is characteristic of all Hinsdale aggregations and a splendid exhibition of sportsmanship was given by the team and students alike. Much praise is due Coach Peterson, Captain Rossman, Manager Symonds and all members of the squad for their efforts toward the revival and retainment of the great sport in H. T. H. S.



SCHOOL FOOTBALL SQUAD

CAPTAIN

H. Rossman

B. Ayres
H. Bingham
L. Bither

W. Brandt

W. Dierks
A. Kolzow

L. Childs
H. Dude

COACH

F. N. Peterson

1920

R. Dorstewitz
H. Hinckley
T. Lamb

1921

O. Cumback

1922

T. Pearson

1923

C. Geisler
C. Gordon

MANAGER

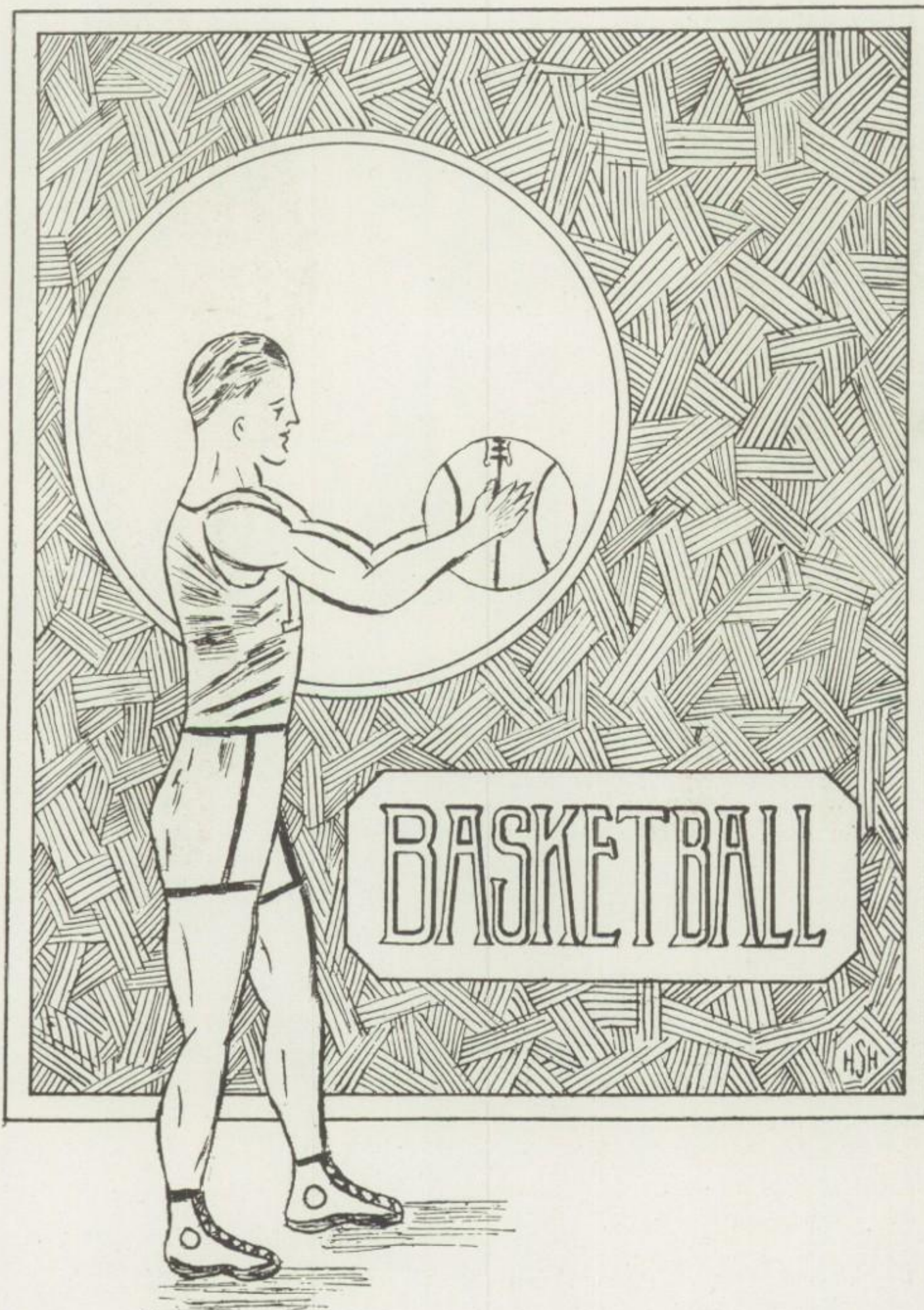
H. G. Symonds

K. Ostrum
H. Rossman
G. Strauss

J. Lemon

W. Schmidt

M. Neil
E. Veith





BASKET BALL

When the basket ball season of 1919 opened, Coach Flanders had four members of the previous year's team and a large number of good new material with which to round out a winning quintette.

As usual, preliminary to the beginning of the season, the interclass series was held. The Seniors easily won by a big score over the Sophomores who were the hottest contestants for the title. This gave the hopeful Sophmores second place. The Juniors had to be content with last place when the Freshmen beat them in a close game.

Several weeks of hard practice was gone through with before the opening of the season's games. The first game of the year with West Chicago was a Hinsdale victory.

The next week end the team traveled to Batavia and Naperville and lost both games. However Coach Flanders discovered a more likely line up in the last half of the Naperville game and from then on, Hinsdale began to take all teams into camp.

At the Country Tournament the team took third place. They were beaten by Naperville again and because of the arrangement of the schedule did not play Glen Ellyn who took second place. It might be said however, that the team beat Glyn Ellyn both at home and away after the tournament.

Fifty-two



The first of March the team traveled to Elgin to the Section Tournament. They won their first game with West Chicago, but lost the second game to Batavia.

Having gone thru a sixteen game season and being defeated by only two schools, the H. T. H. S. hopes were high for the big game of the year with La Grange. For some unknown reason, however, LaGrange could not manage to give us a game and the school lost a good chance to square the defeat of 1918.

The credit due Mr. Flanders for the success of this season is unlimited. To Captain Ralph Dorstewitz and Paul Wilson, Manager, the school is also grateful. We must not forget that the season's work was carried on under the obstacle of an inadequate gymnasium and for the sake and success of future coaches, captains, managers and students, we hope it will be the last season under these conditions. May H. T. H. S. from now on continue the splendid basket ball successes that she has always known.



SEASON'S SCORES

(*Heavy weights*)

1919

December 12—Hinsdale.....	18.....	W. Chicago	16
December 17—Hinsdale.....	16.....	Batavia	29
December 18—Hinsdale.....	21.....	Naperville	42

1920

January 9—Hinsdale.....	29.....	Riverside	16
January 16—Hinsdale.....	27.....	Glen Ellyn	16
January 23—Hinsdale.....	30.....	Downers Grove...	18
January 24—Hinsdale.....	12.....	Naperville	41

County	{ Hinsdale.....	38.....	Elmhurst	12
Touranment	{ Hinsdale.....	31.....	Downers Grove...	13
January 31	{ Hinsdale.....	21.....	Naperville	28

February 7—Hinsdale.....	36.....	Glen Ellyn	16
February 13—Hinsdale.....	28.....	Downers Grove...	24
February 18—Hinsdale.....	29.....	Riverside	13
February 25—Hinsdale.....	44.....	Geneva	31

Sectional	{ Hinsdale.....	28.....	W. Chicago	16
Tournament	{ Hinsdale.....	21.....	Batavia	30
March 4-5-6	{			

SEASON'S SCORES

(*Light weights*)

1920

January 9—Hinsdale.....	10.....	Riverside	12
January 16—Hinsdale.....	20.....	Glen Ellyn	7
February 2—Hinsdale.....	26.....	Glen Ellyn	12
February 13—Hinsdale.....	14.....	Downers Grove...	7
February 18—Hinsdale.....	6.....	Riverside	4



1920 CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM.

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Center</i>	<i>Guards</i>
R. Dorstewitz	R. Ayres	H. Hinckley
H. Rossman		L. Bither
<i>Subst.</i> —Lamb, Straus, Wilson, Symonds.		

1921 BASKETBALL TEAM.

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Center</i>	<i>Guards</i>
T. Armstrong	S. Karlson	W. Brandt
J. Lemmon		R. Rawlins
<i>Subst.</i> —Regnery.		

1922 BASKETBALL TEAM.

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Center</i>	<i>Guards</i>
W. Schmidt	Nelson	T. Pearson
H. Mann		A. Giovanni
<i>Subst.</i> —Dierks, Kuehmsted, E. Hinckley.		

1923 BASKETBALL TEAM.

<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Center</i>	<i>Guards</i>
H. Dude	H. Ulrich	C. Gordon
C. Geissler		E. Veith
<i>Subst.</i> —Young.		

CLASS BASKETBALL STANDING.

Won Lost Per Cent			Won Lost Per Cent		
1921	0	3	.000	1922	2 1 .666
1920	3	0	1,000	1923	1 2 .333



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Perhaps some of the hopes of the girls of the Basketball team of 1912-13 are realized. Miss Potter, who has given much of her time to the cause, organized the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes into the girl's basketball organization of 1920. That the girls were in favor of this proposition was shown by their eagerness to attend practice, which was held at a very inconvenient hour—eight o'clock in the morning.

The Junior class in winning the tournament was especially fortunate. The battle was not easily won, however, for the other classes, laying stress on the Seniors, put up a hard fight to the end. During the three games of the tournament enough enthusiasm was displayed to show that the school, as well as the girls, favored the establishment of girl's basketball.

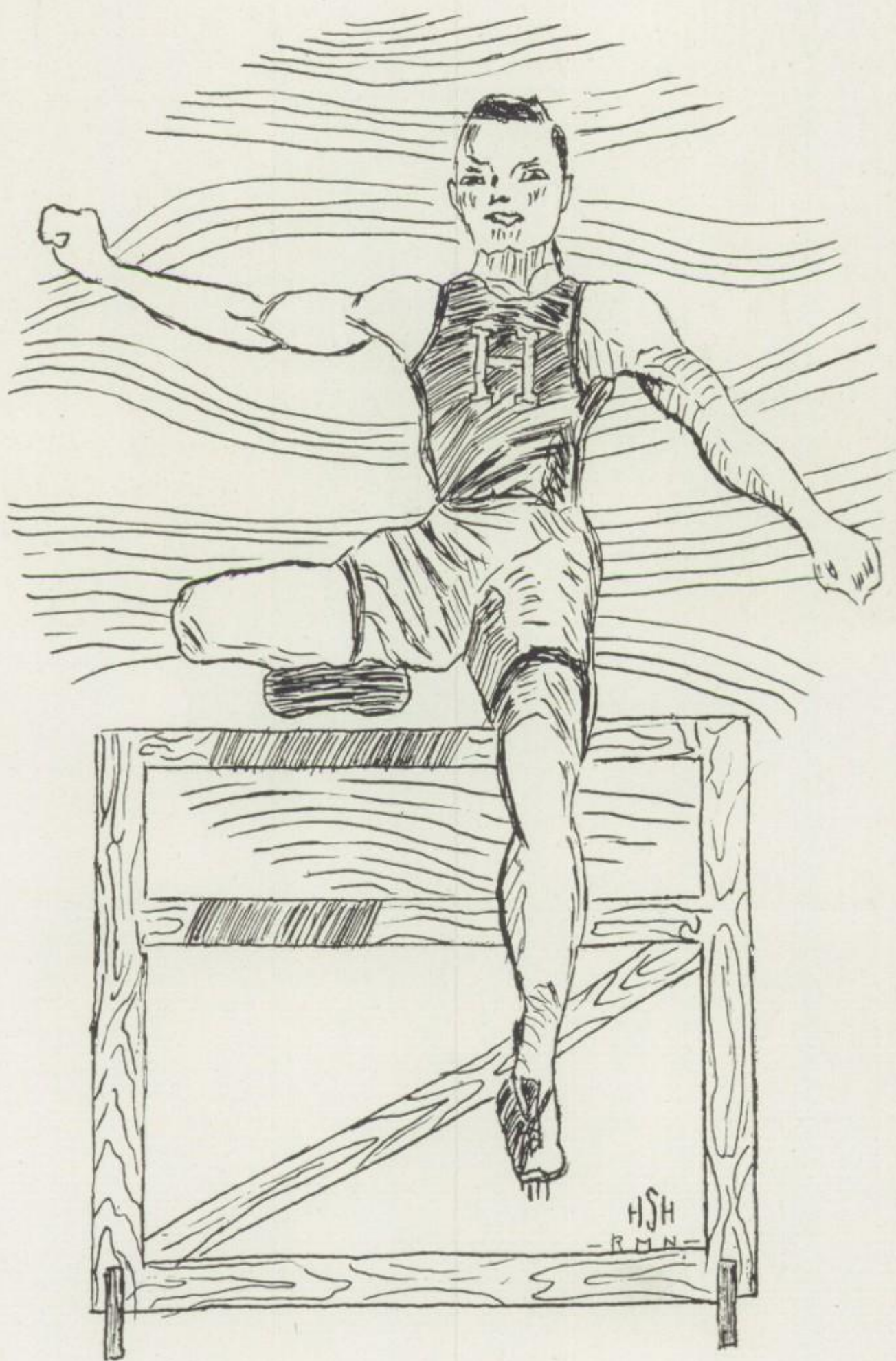
Now that the inter-class games have been completed and all basketball is over for this year, plans are being made for a successful continuance in the future.

THE JUNIOR TEAM.

Elvira Rossow
Carol Peet
Frances Fenn
Grace Smith

Dorothy Howell
Mary Bingham
Elita Hyde
Elsie Troeger

Leah Heidermann
Coach—Miss Potter





School Track Squad

1920

R. Ayres
N. Beatty

R. Dorstwitz
H. Hinckley

T. Lamb
G. Symonds

1921

W. Brandt

R. Lamb

1922

R. Cartlidge

E. Hinckley

H. Mann

T. Pearson

1923

H. Dude

C. Gordon

M. Neil

W. Weddell

H. Ulrich

Fifty-eight



Beloit Interscholastic Track Meet

(Hinsdale 1920 Champions)

50 yard dash—First—Ayres—Hinsdale; Second—Reader—Delavan; Third—O'Niel—L. General—Time: :05 4-5.

100 yard dash—First—Ayes—Hinsdale; Second—Kirman—Woodstock; Third—Reader—Delavan—Time: :11.

220 yard dash—First—Ayres—Hinsdale; Second—Kirman—Woodstock; Third—Reader—Delavan.—Time: :25 4-5.

440 yard dash—First—Ayres—Hinsdale; Second—Amundsen—Stoughton; Third—Boyd—Lockport.—Time: :59 3-5.

Mile run—First—Brockway—Watseka; Second—Lamb—Hinsdale; Third—Smith—Wisconsin H.—Time: 5:02.

Half Mile Run—First—Amundsen—Stoughton; Second—Egner—Stoughton; Third—Smith—Wisconsin High.—Time: 2:17.

120 Yard hurdles—First—Rasmussen—Stoughton; Second—Elson—Wisconsin High; Third—Reed and Meyers, tied—Oregon.—Time: :20.

220 yard hurdles—First—Coney—Watseka; Second—Steffans—Wisconsin High; Third—Meyers—Oregon.—Time: :28 4-5.

High Jump—First—Elson—Wisconsin High; Second—Eastburn—Watseka; and Merwin—Woodstock—Tied.—Height: 5 ft. 4 in.

Broad Jump—First—Jones—Oregon; Second—Stump—Watseka; Third—Taylor—Woodstock.—Distance: 20 ft. 4 in.

Pole Vault—First—Jones and Meyers—Oregon, tied; Third—Olson—Stoughton.—Height: 9 ft. 4 in.

Javelin Throw—First—Pasma—Watseka; Second—Stehr—Wisconsin High; Third—Sundt—Stoughton.—Distance: 143 ft. 9 in.

12 Pound Shot—First—Beatty—Hinsdale; Second—Stump—Watseka; Third—Eundt—Stoughton.—Distance: 42 ft. 5 in.

Discus Throw—First—Stump—Watseka; Second—Cleaver—Oregon; Third—Dorstewitz—Hinsdale.—Distance: 103 ft.

Half Mile Relay—First—Hinsdale; Second—Woodstock; Third—Lockport.—Time: 1:46.

Hinsdale—33 points.

Fifty-nine



Interclass Track Meet

50 yard dash—First—Ayres—'20; Second—Beatty—'20; Third—Pearson—'22.—Time: :05 4-5.

100 yard dash—First—Ayres—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Pearson—'22.—Time: :11.

220 yard dash—First—Ayres—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Pearson—'22.—Time: :29 1-5.

440 yard dash—First—Lamb—'20; Second—Ayres—'20; Third—Pearson—'22.—Time: :64 4-5.

Half Mile—First—Ayres—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Symonds—'20.—Time: 2:29.

Mile—First—Ayres—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Symonds—'20.—Time: 5:15 1-5.

110 yard high hurdles—First—Dorstewitz—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Ayres—'20.—Time: :16.

110 yard low hurdles—First—Ayres—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Dorstewitz—'20.—Time: :15 1-5.

High Jump—First—Lamb—'20; Pearson—'22, Ulrich—'23, and Ayres—'20, tied for second.—Height: 5 ft. 1 in.

Broad Jump—First—Hinckley—'20; Second—Lamb—'20; Third—Mann—'22.—Distance: 15 ft. 10 in.

Pole vault—First—Mann—'22; Second—Dude—'23; Third—Dorstewitz—'20.—Height: 8 ft. 6 in.

Discus throw—First—Beatty—'20; Dorstewitz—'20; Third—Hinckley—'20.—Distance: 110 ft. 3 in.

Shot put—First—Beatty—'20; Second—Ayres—'20; Third—Gordon—'23.—Distance: 41 ft. 11 in.

Half Mile relay—Won by Seniors (Lamb, Dorstewitz, Symonds, Ayres). Freshmen, second; Sophomores, third.

Table of Points

Seniors	105 1-3
Sophomores	12 1-3
Freshmen	8 1-3
Juniors	0

Individual Honors

Ayres	38 1-3
Lamb	31

Sixty





The Judgement of Tala

ARE you there my little Lotus Blossom?" whispered San, as he stole quietly across the moonlit Japanese garden and stood under the little balcony.

He listened and was rewarded by a sound most delightful to his ears. Lotus Blossom was speaking, and her breath came quick and fast. In her slim hand she was holding a little ivory and silver dagger.

"San! San! Do you hear me? Take this and go, go quickly, anywhere but here. If my father finds you here he will surely kill you."

"I would rather take care of myself without the weapon," said San quietly. "With it I might be tempted to raise it against your father, and that should never be."

"I think it is cruel for your father to hate our family so, just because your grandfather quarreled with mine. But I must bear it; the gods have put it upon me."

"Hurry, hurry San. I fear it may be too late now. Father is in a great anger tonight, for he and that terrible Fong-Lan have quarreled. He threatened to kill you and father in order to have me."

At this San's eyes lit up and his mouth set. "I will go and find him and he shall pay for this."

"No San, you must not. You will surely be hurt for Fong-Lan is strong and wily and is known to carry terrible weapons. But if you must, take this weapon."

San paid little attention to this, but with a peculiar light in his eye he kissed her hand and disappeared in the shadows, leaving Lotus Blossom standing on the balcony. Not until he had gone did she notice that the little silver dagger was gone.

As she stood there she tried her best to dispel a strange fear that came over her. She had never felt this way before, something dreadful must have happened. She turned to open the door leading into her father's room, but something seemed to stay her hand.

She felt that behind that door she would find something terrible and horrifying. "Oh, if San were only here," she thought, "then I would feel safe." A second time she laid her hand on the door, but turned away and ran trembling to the cor-



ner of the balcony. Then recalling the brave deeds of her forefathers she walked to the door with new courage, with a pale face and clenched hands. She stood there, wavered and with a little gasp threw open the door.

The cry of a girl reached the ears of the young lover as he lay outside



the gate, weak from loss of blood. He struggled to rise, but sank back.

While inside, Lotus Blossom swooned at the sight of her own father lying in a pool of blood, with his sightless eyes gazing toward the ceiling. She had not noticed that beside the body lay a little silver dagger with an ivory handle.

It may have been hours that she lay there, it may have been but a few minutes. She revived to find the priest bending over her. The room was crowded with her relations who conversed in low voices. Some solemnly revenge on the murderer of the family patriarch. Some had argued that perhaps the old patriarch had decided to take the path of honor to his ancestors; but this was soon disproved, for no preparation had been made, the little carpet and rice bowl were not there and above all the throat was cut. The Lan-Chi family never ended their lives in this unsightly and undignified way. As those gathered there turned to leave, a certain young man known as Fong-Lan appeared in the door, bowed low to all present and advanced toward the priest.

"Oh most honorable priest and most sorrowful people, you all know San Wee. You also know that he was not in favor with the dead San Chi. It was not long ago that he was commanded to leave and never return when he asked for the hand of Lotus Blossom. Last night he was seen with this dagger not far from here and the light of the kill lust in his eye."

Fong-Lan said no more; again he bowed to all present and withdrew.

In the confusion that followed no one noticed Lotus Blossom reach for the slim knife as it lay on the floor beside her father. She seized it, hesitated a moment, then quick as a

flash raised it, but the priest was too quick.

"No, you must not yet," he said seizing her arm "you must live to bring the murderer for trial by the great Tala who even now shows her wrath by her smoke."

The next day a strange procession wound up the crooked path to Tala. First came the priest leading the mourners, next came San, very weak from his wounds, which, it was said, he received in the struggle when he killed Lan Chi. His eyes never left the face of Lotus Blossom who looked like a very wilted and crumpled flower as she walked by his side in the glaring sun. The sea boomed against the rocks, far below, and a great smoke was rising from Tala. It seemed to some that in many years they had not seen her so angry. But Lotus Blossom heeded not, for San was going to be killed and left on this mountain which she had prayed to and loved all her life.

The procession reached a great flat rock almost at the summit and stopped.

The priest ordered the accuser of San to step forward. The tall, evil looking Fong-Lan stepped from the line and faced the priest

"Oh Tala!" cried the priest in a loud voice, "You must judge the truth. If San be guilty of murder he shall be killed, if his accuser be false, give us a sign."

Hardly had he spoken when there was a great roar, rocks fell from everywhere and the heat and smoke was terrible.

When all was over Fong-Lan was not found, only a great pit where he had stood.

Lotus Blossom sprang to San's side and the priest bowing down gave thanks to Tala for her judgement.

Theodore Lamb, '20.



What Is Better Than Flying?

I WAS spending my vacation one summer with my Uncle Carl in Pittsburgh. During my visit two aeroplanes came from Atlantic City for the purpose of taking passengers. Bob, my cousin and I had spent a great deal of time watching the flight of the planes, at first with little interest for we felt very secure on ground, but after a few days we caught the germ of "Going up" and thought we might suggest it to my uncle.

However, upon mentioning the subject, at dinner, one evening, we were surprised to hear my uncle say:

"If you fellows teased a little bit, I might be induced to let you go up." So we did a sufficient amount of teasing to persuade him. But he said he wanted to be sure my father would be willing and hadn't he better telegraph. In entreated him not to do this as I was sure my father's consent would be refused. Uncle Carl decided I was quite right and then asked:

"Don't you boys think it would be more advisable to go up tomorrow morning rather than tonight so soon after eating?"

We were afraid he might change his mind by the next day, and determined not to lose our opportunity by putting it off.

"Well," said my uncle, "there doesn't seem to be anyway for me to get out of this, does there? But if you do go you must promise me you will not loop the loop and—"

"Aw father," interrupted Bob, "that's half the fun." I said I thought so too, but I didn't.

"And," continued my uncle, "I want you to know this fellow Stinson who runs one of these planes is the worst dare-devil in the country and what's more he has lung trouble

and as he can only live a little while longer anyway, he doesn't care what happens to him. Bob had better go up with Stinson but Ralph isn't mine and I have to be particular about what happens to him."

In the meantime I was trying to be calm. The thought of going up too soon after the enormous dinner I had eaten and with an aviator who valued his life at a "pin's fee", gave me a queer sinking feeling.

Uncle Carl gave another, "Well", and then as a last resort, "How would you like to have the money instead? Just think how nice it would be to have the amount to spend on something worth while."

Bob and I, I know I did felt very willing to back out by this time, but we couldn't be quitters. We took a sudden interest in the servants of the household by bidding them a fond farewell, and then sat meditatively in an automobile bound for Schenley Park, where the planes made their landings.

"Say Bob," said my uncle, "I'm not thinking that anything is going to happen but if it should what shall we do with your belongings?"

There was no answer. I was thinking how pleasant the world seemed that particular evening and, when I had no hard feeling for anybody, it would be rather too bad not to come back. And then, I was to graduate the next spring and what would the class of '20 do if I stayed up in the sky? Would my English teacher still go on making fun of me?

We reached the Park and went to the manager in charge to obtain passage. While my uncle signed a paper, providing that in case of accident they were not to be held responsible, I wondered what my father would



think of the way his brother was signing away all claim to my life. There were three passengers ahead of us on the list. The first two were a husband and his wife who looked as if they had sacrificed all their worldly possession in order to have the price. They were very careful, contrary to the young well-dressed woman who was to be the third passenger. Her father seemed perfectly willing to pay the fare if his daughter cared to experience the thrills. She said, when asked if she would like to, "I don't care—couldn't you go up with me father?" The manager said there was only room for one passenger at a time and the girl decided to bear it alone.

At last, our turn came and as a mob crowded around us, our goggles were adjusted and we climbed into the pilot's seat behind that of the aviator of our respective plane, feeling quite self-important. Because of my high position at this time with so many looking on, I knew I must hold myself with dignity and ease, at least until out of sight. So I did not grab the sides of the plane but folded my arms until we began to rise. The machine was started and it caused such a gust of wind that straw hats were blown in every direction. We skimmed along so smoothly that it was hard to tell just when we left the ground. The longer I was in the air the more accustomed I became and was surprised how little I felt the banking of the plane since from the ground every time an aeroplane banked, it seemed to turn over on its side.

What is pleasanter than flying through the air at sunset? We circled about and I waved at some little specks below which I thought must be the crowd in the park and then

tried to pick out the different points of interest that I had noted during my stay in the city.

I was astonished by the apparent nonchalance of the aviator in front of me, for he paid no attention to his machine but gazed absent-mindedly about the sky and at the plane in which my cousin was riding. Once in a while he would turn around and grin at me, holding on for dear life, and finally made some motions with his finger which I took to mean, "Do you want to loop the loop?" I tried to yell and at the same time nodded my head for I knew Bob would do the same in spite of the condition maintained by his father. I then gritted my teeth and waited for a few terrible moments. Suddenly the plane dove straight downward, making my appetite very depressed. I placed my head in my lap to wait until it was over. Finally I became so curious that I decided to take a look, finding that we were either shooting into the ground or into the sky, the world was whizzing around so fast I couldn't tell which. After this, when I was getting adjusted once more, and receiving some comfort by seeing my cousin's plane go through the same performance, we started down to earth. I had become so contented that I had forgotten there was anything so base as the earth, and I longed to sail around the sky all night.

As we seemed to land at the same spot from which we had ascended, I was thinking that my greatest ambition would be to fly. Bob and I jumped from the aeroplanes and walked back to my uncle.

Some one called after us, 'How d'ya like it?' And as we did not reply, said, "Aw they're sick and can't talk."

Ralph Peirce, '20.



The Demon Rum—A Ghost Story

WILLIE," remarked Mr. Harvey, as he commenced a frontal attack upon his poached egg, "Mother and I are taking dinner with friends tonight. We will be home rather late. Do you think you could get your dinner at the "eat shop" and come home and go to bed alone?"

In the bright, white light of morning the project held no terrors for William, and he loudly assured his paternal parent that he'd tell the world that he guessed he wasn't afraid to come into his own house at any time of the night. With the de-

and forcing himself to the front door, noisily inserted the key in the latch and turned it, then waited a reasonable time to give any robbers inside a chance to escape upon hearing the noise, thus avoid an embarrassing meeting for the robbers, and probably fatal results to himself. At least it was thus that Willie's vivid imagination pictured it to him.

After a momentary pause, to gather courage, he pushed upon the door, which opened with a heartrending groan, and dashed for the hall light. Under this comforting radiance he breathed a sigh of relief, and stepped boldly into the parlor which was also



parture of that encouraging sun, however, Willie's viewpoint changed, and, having done away with a liberal portion of his beloved macaroni and cheese, he commenced his homeward journey with some trepidation. This increased by leaps and bounds as he approached his domicile, and, arriving at the front walk, he seriously debated returning to the village to see once more the performance which he had once witnessed at the matinee. Reasoning, however, that this would only postpone the evil, and that it would be much later when he again reached home, he put on a brave face

lighted in short order. He had not the courage for an immediate trip upstairs, so decided to soothe his troubled nerves with the works of Horatio Alger Jr., so he selected "Sam the Sailor" and forthwith sat down quietly to read. Now, as everyone knows when a person enters a house quietly, sits down quietly, and reads, he begins to hear non-existent noises, and his nerves stand on edge for real ones. This was the case with William, and it is therefore not surprising that the well known chills crept lightly along his spine as he heard the outside cellar door open upon its



creaking hinges, and stealthy footsteps descend the cellar stairs. He sat rooted to his chair with fear. Oddly there came to him the thought, "Dutch Courage." He looked to the sideboard, and saw the silver flask which had never been emptied of its original filling of "Old Crow," and his acutely working mind told him that the experiment might be worth trying.

Willie forced himself to rise, and moving to the sideboard with an effort he cautiously removed the stop-

per, and took a huge mouthful. The "kick" brought tears to his eyes, but as the alcohol took effect it killed that chilling fear and left in its place a recklessness entirely foreign to eight year old boys.

He walked to a nearby table, and withdrew therefrom a tiny ".32" revolver. Advancing somewhat unsteadily to the cellar stairs, he switched on the light, and boldly descended.

At the foot of the staircase was an indistinct blotch of white, which, even as he watched, seemed to rise up toward him. Willie fired, missing the white thing by the margin of six feet, but shattering the light bulb, and swathing the basement in darkness. Sobered by the shot, and badly scared, he dashed up the cellar stairs, up to his bed-room and dove under the covers. An hour later the alcohol again took effect, and Willie went to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Harvey, upon descending to fix the furnace, found a basket containing six sleepy puppies warmly wrapped in a white blanket. On the blanket was this note:

Sir: Am leaving you my six thoroughbred Irish Setters in payment for the basket of coal I am taking. Please take good care of them, as I would not part with them unless I had to.

"Wonder how in blazes he busted that light bulb," growled Mr. Harvey.

Frank Elam '20.

How to Take Your Girl to the Movies

UPON reaching the girl's house, mount the steps with a firm tread and ring the door bell long and loudly. When you are admitted remove your hat and coat and settle yourself in a comfortable chair or lounge, remarking about the weather. Play with the cat or dog and try not to express your sentiments toward little brother when he relieves himself of some embar-

rassing "bright sayings." From time to time draw out your father's watch and glance at it hastily if not a bit nervously.

When you hear the object of your sojourn approaching, rise, brush the hairs from your clothes, and advance to greet her, repeating the weather conditions.

As you leave the house, put on your brother's fedora, adjusting it well

Sixty-seven



over one of the front corners of your head. Beguile the walk down town by springing old jokes, preferably about the Ford automobile, and by saying all the foolish things you can think of that don't mean anything.

When you arrive at the ticket office stir your hand around among the pennies in your pocket for a little while before producing the necessary change. As you enter the theater you will be met by a small boy who will see where you are headed for, then run along ahead of you. He will probably be in the way, but pay no attention to him and choose some good seats.

While waiting for the show to commence glance cautiously around to see who is there, (a small hand mirror will aid greatly in this operation), and make remarks, complimentary or otherwise, about the people you perceive.

When the show begins, if there is a news pictorial, comment knowingly upon each of the pictures, denoting by the inflection of your voice that you know whereof you speak.

When the principal picture of the evening is shown your opportunity has arrived to display your real intelligence. Read an occasional, if not every, title aloud for the benefit of the surrounding spectators, especially if it contains a particularly long or difficult word. Register mirth, indifference, sympathy, grief, pity, or

wrath, as the case requires, so as to show you have a clear comprehension of the plot. In case you happen to have seen the picture elsewhere, relate before each incident just what is going to happen next; this will make the tale clearer to your neighbors and even draw expressions of emotion from some.

Upon leaving the theater, head for the nearest soda fountain. Choose a table, sit down, and remove your hat. Greet the clerk by his first name if you know it and order two of the most expensive sundaes on the menu. You will very possibly not like it, but do not show this; make some remark to the effect that it is not as good as usual, or the like. Upon completing the sundae, repeat the process of paying, and pick out the largest box of candy in the showcase.

On the way home criticize the fine points of the movie; also discuss timely subjects of common interest as the bolsheviki and Cuba and Mexico. You should by now have created a sufficient impression of awe and admiration on the part of your young lady friend.

When she is safely deposited within her residence hurry home. After counting your money, if there is any left, and thoroughly inspecting yourself in the looking glass in your most winning attitudes, lose yourself and your troubles in that healer of all wounds, sleep.

Edward S. Hinckley '22.

Thrills as They Get Them in Texas

IT was a hot night in August. Jim had been driving since early morning and his destination was still a good many miles away. Coming upon a convenient widening of the road he brought his truck to a stop and proceeded to convert the rear part of it into a bed. This done he stretched his angular length upon it and was soon asleep.

Jim was employed by a large Texas oil concern. He drove a supply truck between the store-houses and the oil camps which were scattered through the surrounding country.

A lonely Texas road at mid-night is not the place one would choose for absolute safety and peace of mind. Jim had been asleep only about two hours when he was awakened by

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strange noises. Lying perfectly still, he listened. It was a scraping noise as of someone unscrewing a threaded cap. Then a slow drip and splash. Someone was draining his gas tank. Twenty-five miles from home, on a road not much traveled, with no gas! Something must be done at once to stop the thief. Two big questions came into Jim's mind as he mapped out his plan. Was the man armed? Was he alone or must he deal with several? Jim himself was not armed. What a fool he had been to start on this trip without a revolver! He had nearly one hundred dollars of the firm's money on his person, too. He would see to it that he would not be caught again this way.

Doubtlessly it was one of those sneaking "greasers" that one meets prowling around lonely places. A good scare would fix him alright. The drop and splash resolved into a steady trickle. Jim put his plan into action. He turned over with a heavy flop and heaved a loud sigh. Silence, absolute and unbroken for at least five minutes. Then the unscrewing process began again. Raising himself on one

elbow Jim spoke in a loud whisper to an imaginary companion:

"Bob!" he said. "Bob, did you hear that?"

Only a sleepy grunt from Bob. Then—

"Bob! Wake up! There is some one draining the gas tank."

Another grunt from the imaginary companion and "Lemme alone" in a muffled voice.

"Wake up, confound you! Where's that gun—here it is—shall I shoot?"

"Umhum."

There was a slight movement at the rear of the car. Jim crawled to the opening. Two stealthy steps and the culprit slipped into the thick mesquite at the side of the road and out of sight. Jim heard him making his way through the thick underbush. Heard him come out on the road quite a ways down and in a slight flash of heat lightning saw him scuttling toward the bend. After making sure that no more of his gasoline was escaping Jim climbed back into the truck and spent the rest of the night in undisturbed slumber.

Grace Smith '21.

Evolution of a Senior

(Being a complete, clear, and concise account of the various stages in the development of the mature species. Compiled from material collected with great personal danger to the author.)

I. Freshman Stage—It is in this form that the species is received into the High School. The Freshmania often present very peculiar and even astonishing appearances, such as a remarkable diminutiveness of stature. They also possess the interesting custom of changing to a vivid pink when addressed by teachers and an unaccountable habit of carefully stepping on, or falling over, any object within ten feet of them.

II. Sophomorphosis Stage is the

next critical period of a Senior's development. It is during this period that the embryo President begins to evince marked signs of improvement. The change of color is no longer a warm pink, but becomes a pale pea-green when the specimen is addressed by the teachers. There have been numerous theories advanced as to the cause of this peculiar trait, but the one most generally accepted is that it is produced by a guilty conscience.

Despite these favorable evidences, there are others which often develop to alarming proportions. The head of the average specimen is very liable to become enlarged at the end of the first month. This expansion continues regularly until the first semes-



ter exams., when there is generally a very sudden and complete collapse. After which the enlargement may recommence, but the finals are pretty sure to cure it.

Another interesting characteristic of this stage is the remarkable development of the vocal power. This may be satisfactorily observed if the specimen is placed in contact with his report card.

III. The third and perhaps the most interesting stage of the evolution, is the Junior Stage. The specimen retains many of its former characteristics, but also develops many astonishing new ones. There is no longer a change of color when addressed by teachers, probably because there is no longer any conscience. This stage gives rise to many peculiar manifestations. One of these is, that the Junior soon acquires the power of learning the contents of a book by

reading the first and last chapters. Another is the quick acquisition of absolute control. A Junior is able, by this faculty to convince a teacher that he is a genius, and at the same time never open a school book for weeks.

IV. The final stage of the evolution is the mature Senior. Having passed through all of the above stages and being safely out of them all, the Senior usually devotes his time to commenting upon the struggle of those of the lesser species who are having their turn. An average Senior usually possesses enough of the Freshman to be able to laugh at the wrong time; of the Sophomore to be able to wear a size eight hat; of the Junior to be able to tell the teacher Columbus wrote Cicero's orations and get away with it; and enough of himself to be what he is.

Marjorie Beatty '22.

"School Spirit"

"School Spirit" is that intangible quality that either makes or breaks a school. The school that is only able to support organizations through contributions or gifts, and whose teams can only play to a handful of rooters is a failure. The school with one thousand students which brings two hundred out to a football game is in poor standing with a school of seventy-five which turns out with a roll call of everyone present. The school whose members would rather dance than "back the team" is decidedly a failure although the team may win every game; while the fellow who leaves a "pep" meeting ought to be blackballed out of the institution. It is all right to back and support a winning team, but the crowd with the real spirit is the crowd that follows the team in bad luck.

So much for athletics, but the

school that can, in addition to this support, show the right attitude in the lecture or class room, is deserving of double credit. It may be hard to sit through an hour of dry lecturing by a teacher or a principal but the class that does it gets more than mere knowledge; it gets a reputation. These two properties and the quality of organized work or effort is all that a school needs to be a success.

Organized work on anything from a school activity to a community betterment brings those working into closer unity and gives each one a knowledge of his own worth as compared to that of others. "School Spirit," to be the kind that puts the school on top must have all three, loyalty to organizations, class room respect and attention, and support of organized work.

Gardiner Symonds '20.



Never Again

WILLIE Earl set his overseas cap upon his head at a perilous angle, lit a cigarette, and emerged jauntily upon the boulevard. Willie was at peace with the world in general, and gay Paree in particular. In his pocket was the equivalent of two hundred dollars, hard American mazuma. No gloomy return to the front hung over him to spoil his holiday; no sweetheart and family at home awaited him and counted the minutes until his return. In short, Willie's time was his own, and he was quite prepared to enjoy his ten days' leave before embarking for the States.

Willie jingled the coins in his pocket and debated with himself the relative merits of several means of parting with them. Souvenirs he had in profusion; cognac—well cognac was all right except for the morning after; sightseeing—points of interest—he was sick of them. He decided to beguile the time with a glass of wine and a study of Parisian humanity, always novel to him. He ordered creme de menthe and glanced at the surrounding tables. Suddenly he started. Alone at a nearby table sat one of the far-famed but seldom-seen French beauts. He gazed long and earnestly, and his glance was rewarded by a dazzling smile, whereupon Willie promptly forgot his creme de menthe, and moved to the table occupied by the fair one.

He was promptly made welcome, but would not monsieur think her bold were she to allow him to remain? It appeared that monsieur would think nothing of the kind. Why anyone could see that it was simply a case of two people in need of company; whereupon monsieur ordered two more cremes de menthe and proceeded to become acquainted. In this he was so successful that when they

parted at her hotel it seemed that they had known each other always, and upon his trip to his room he meditated upon his childish sweetness. He had told her that his leave was to extend for ten days, whereupon she had exclaimed delightedly that her family were to arrive from their country estate in just ten days. Willie patted himself upon the back. Some coincidence. He assured himself that she should not want company during her stay.

At the end of the second day, having kept his resolution faithfully, Willie proposed, was immediately accepted, and sought accommodations for her upon his troopship. He proudly announced his intention of introducing her to his buddies, but at this juncture she showed such a shyness that he yielded to her feelings, and provided that she should meet only his pal and best man.

Upon the morning of the eighth day preparations were complete and Marie was taken to meet the best man. The meeting was arranged at a little cafe upon the Rue De La Paix. Marie had never looked sweeter, and when his buddy arrived, Willie was visibly swollen with pride. "Jim," he said, "Wancha to meet——" Here he broke off and stared at Jim. That worthy appeared thunder struck. "Gas House Maizie," he exclaimed. Willie turned on him angrily. "What-tya givin' me?" he inquired angrily, and turned indignantly upon Marie—or where Marie should have been—but Marie had faded. Even as the dews of the morning she had evaporated. "Sit down," commanded Jim kindly, "let's talk it over."

"Awright, shoot," agreed William. "Well, in the first place this 'French' girl hails from Brooklyn. She puts in her time here bummin' off the men and tryin' to get a husband



the darndest she can. I don't see how you missed knowin' her because she's the best known vamp here, and you're about the tenth sucker she's almost hooked."

But Willie had not heard this last. He was offering up a prayer of thanks. At this juncture a waiter advanced for their order. "Vermouth," said Jim. "Cognac—three cognacs," ordered Willie.

Three weeks later Willie Earl set his overseas cap at a perilous angle upon his head, lit a cigarette and emerged jauntily upon Broadway. Willie was at peace with the world in general and New York in particular. In his pocket was three hundred dollars,

hard coin of the realm, and he had ten days' freedom before hunting a job. He debated the relative merits of several means of parting with his money, and decided upon a study of New York humanity, always interesting to him. He dropped into a cafe and ordered a gingerale highball. Willie glanced at the surrounding tables. Suddenly he started. From a nearby table a pair of blue eyes gazed pensively at him from under the blondest of blonde hair. His gaze was rewarded with a dazzling smile. Willie arose to move to the adjacent table; then seemed to reconsider; resumed his seat, and awaited the gingerale highball.

Frank Elam '20.

In Indian Summer

AN old grandfather sat on a log under an oak tree at the edge of a large corn field and drawled out a story to his little grandson, who stood stock still listening to every word of the yarn. The corn field was as quiet as a grave yard except for a gentle summer breeze. A waning moon cast a pale light over the foggy field and the lazy smoke of the fire before them curled around the corn shocks.

No sandman was nigh when the grandfather told so interesting a story and the little fellow alertly peered into the field and sniffed the smoky air. Sure enough he saw everything his grandfather did. There were the tepees and Injuns dancing around their campfires.

"Grandpa," the boy whispered, "Ja hear that war cry? Ain't ya skeered they'll see us?"

"I reckon they will if we don't stay real still," replied the old man, pleased that his story had such a keen effect.

But the little fellow saw someone else besides the gay Injuns prancing

about. In the shadow of the big oak, the farmer had left a solitary corn-stalk, and the boy saw it. "Grandpa, see, there's a squaw! I wonder what she's waitin' for!"

"I reckon she's awaitin' ta see a warrior she likes, eh Sonny?" answered the grandfather.

The Indian girl had come for many an Indian Summer and waited there in the shadows. Years before, a warrior had come to her wigwam in the Navajo village. He was True-Heart of the Apaches, a neighboring tribe, and he had come to ask Toc-me-to-ne an Indian princess to go away with him to the land of the Apaches.

"Ah, I could not," she had emphatically told him, for the two tribes were bitter enemies.

But each day she thought of the handsome warrior and a summer day found her telling True-Heart, who had persisted in coming into the village of the hostile tribe again and again, that she would run away with him when he should come for her in the Fall. The rest of the summer

Seventy-two



passed very much too slowly and when Fall came she expected True-Heart every day.

A bright warm morning when the skies already showed the colors of Indian war paint, there was an omen of war in the air. Winnemucce, the Navajo Chief, had a consultation with the medicine man and it was decided to attack one of the villages of the Apaches, who had taken some of their hunting ground. So that night the braves smeared themselves with paint and after engaging in a war-dance, in great frenzy set out against the Apaches.

Toc-me-to-ne prayed the whole night long that her warrior would be safe and was at the edge of the camp to meet the victorious Navajos when they returned. The braves told how they crept upon the sleeping village before daybreak. They surrounded the camp before they were found out and set fire to the wigwams. When the alarm was given, there was so much confusion that the Apaches were unable to defend themselves. Nevertheless they had fought fearlessly and the Navajo warriors told that of all, the great True-Heart had been the bravest and had valiantly fallen.

When she heard this, Toc-me-to-ne ran and hid herself in her tent. From that time she danced and sang no more and her father could not understand, for she had always been known as the little dancing shell flower. Winnemucca believed she was sick and when he asked the advice of his medicine man, he was warned that she was possessed with an evil spirit.

After this she was shunned by the people of her tribe.

Toc-me-to-ne had only one desire and that was to be with her hero. But she could never go to the Hunting Ground for only the warriors were there. Then one day she became brighter for she had found a way.

She remembered that the Medicine man had told that every Fall the braves came back from the Happy Hunting Ground to dance until cold weather came and she could see True-Heart then. Still the frosty weather came and stayed and she had given up seeing her warrior when a mild day dawned and it was as warm as Summer. That night she slipped from her tent and hastened to the clearing where the war dances of the tribe were always held. She concealed herself in the underbrush and waited. After a long while, the moon came out of the clouds and gave a pallid, ghostly light to the clearing. Slowly and silently out of the mist marched the spirits of the dead warriors and began their dance around the camp-fire. At last there was the valiant True-Heart and she was breathless for fear the apparition would vanish. Every night as the mild weather continued, she came to watch them until one night Winter came and the Indians marched away into the haze back to the Happy Spirit Land. Toc-me-to-ne was happy for she could see True-Heart again next year when he came back. After coming for many years she died, but the phantom of an Indian maid is still seen tarrying in the shadows in Indian Summer.

Ralph Peirce '20.



As the Gods Decree

THE little town of Hampton seemed to be sleeping in the heat of the afternoon sun. Hidden away from the rest of the world by the mountains that surrounded them, the people day after day spent their lives as those generations before them had done.

Far down the road that ran through the village stood a little white cottage; in reality no different from the other fifty odd homes scattered along the road, but seeming different because of its seclusion from the rest. A noisy mountain stream which flowed past it, and its surrounding of majestic trees, added beauty to the scene.

On the front door step an elderly man sat smoking a pipe—thinking. A faint call from the house, almost a whisper, roused him from his study and he rose slowly and went inside.

"Did you call me Jim?" he said. This was addressed to an old man lying in bed in a sunny little room at one end of the cottage.

"Yes, I called," he answered in a low voice. His words came hard, it was difficult to speak. "Lois Harrington was here again this morning with flowers and broth. I want to see her again, at once."

About an hour later Miss Harrington came.

"You sent for me I believe, Mr. Wood," she said smiling. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes, I want to tell you something," he said. "I can't live much longer you know. It is this:

"Years ago I lived with my grandfather in the little fishing village of Shrewsbury. I was very happy there for I had health and the promise of a lovely girl to marry me. One day a wealthy stranger came to our village and in the course of his visit we planned a whale hunt. We chartered a

vessel for this purpose and set sail for the spot he had picked out about fifty miles from our village. Our trip had been successful, and we were returning home, when suddenly with no apparent reason I was brutally hit on the head by my companion, thrown into a row boat and set adrift. When I regained consciousness—" he stopped for a moment, anger fairly gleamed from his eyes, his body shook with the very thought of it, then he went on. "It was on this island that I spent the next ten years of my life. Ten long years before I finally managed to signal the ship which brought me home—I should say, back to the land that *had* been my home—to find my grandfather dead, my home sold, and by that stranger who had, I believe, planned all this in order that he might have the girl I was to have married."

Tears came to his eyes, his words came hard now. "I've spent my life looking for her," he continued, "but I have never found her. I have no doubt but that she married the stranger. When he told her I was dead, she had no reason to distrust him.

"There were only strangers left in the village when I returned and they knew nothing of either of them. Of course, I have no way to knowing he married her but I think he must have. It would be no more than natural for her to marry the man who had been with her lover before he supposedly died. I don't know why I should tell this to you unless it is because you remind me so much of that old sweetheart of mine in every way, and because you have been so good to me. Your daily visits, your flowers—everything you have done has meant more to me than I can tell you. Her name was Martha Bates. John Franklyn was the stranger."



The last part of his story was very faint and hard to understand. He said nothing more. Miss Harrington made him as comfortable as possible and left. A few minutes afterwards he quietly went to sleep.

* * * *

The little town of Shrewsbury was growing. Long ago it had been a fishing village but in late years that occupation had been abandoned. A little green thatched cottage nestled in a valley. Roses climbed about it as if to elaborate upon the modest little home. In the shade of a pretty arbor, surrounded by an old fashioned garden sat a little woman whose soft gray hair, fine old face and quaint mannerisms bespoke her age. The sound of voices came to her from up the road, and she smiled. She had been eagerly waiting for the arrival of the young couple that was approaching.

"Oh, we've had the most glorious time, Aunty dear," the girl was saying as she filled the older woman's lap with flowers. "And we are to be married in June," she went on happily, smiling at the young man at her side.

"Your happiness has only just begun," the little lady told them. "But come, sit down with me and tell me all about everything."

An hour later she was still talking to the young couple but they were very quiet now and listening intently to the old woman.

"I never saw him again," she was saying sadly. "He and Mr. Franklyn sailed away on a fishing trip one morning and never returned. Their ship was wrecked on the return trip on a promontory as it neared our coast and no one survived." She paused, her eyes filled with tears. "I left the village soon after that news reached me," she continued. "I couldn't bear to stay there any longer. We were to have been married on his return. When his grandfather died several years later he left his home to me, but I didn't go back to the little cottage for many, many years. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to the point of going back to it—alone. However, five years ago when your mother died and you came to live with me, I did go back to it—I was not alone then. I had you. This is the cottage."

Isabel Schaefer '20.

Jimmy Weldon

JIMMY Weldon, a small freckled faced lad of eight years, dressed in his Sunday white sailor suit was swinging in the hammock. The day was very hot as Sundays in August are apt to be. But, when older people suffer from extreme heat and sit limply in wicker rocking chairs using what energy they possess to fan themselves, boys of nine or ten do not notice the temperature and run wildly about as if in an effort to keep warm, or else swing as Jimmy Weldon was doing.

The porch was deserted except for Jimmy and he listened joyfully to the monotonous squeaking of the ham-

mock ropes and the grinding of the metal hooks as the hammock swang back and forth, kept in motion by his vigorous pushes. Suddenly Jimmy began to sing. He sang on and on, using a weird tune of his own composition.

"Old Dan Tucker was a funny old man,

He washed his face in a frying pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel
And died with a toothache in his heel."

During the rendition of this choice song a young man dressed in white flannels came up the flower bordered walk to the Weldon home, up the

Seventy-five



steps and rang the door-bell. Jimmy stopped short in the midst of his vocal solo and gazed with wide eyed wonder at the intruder and it was not until the caller had been admitted to the house that Jimmy continued his singing.

Even such a hilariously fascinating sport as swinging in a hammock, becomes, after a time, quite monotonous and loses, for a while at least, its sportive qualities, especially when the athlete begins to feel a queer sensation in the region of his stomach. So was the case of Jimmy Weldon. He got up from the hammock, crossed slowly to a chair and carefully sat down. His mother and father, starting on an afternoon call noticed their small son and inquired as to his health.

"Why, James, are you ill?" asked Mrs. Weldon in a surprised manner.

"No'm," replied Jimmy faintly, "but I guess I hadn't better yawn or anything."

"You keep quiet—this heat is affecting you. Don't you leave the house. Do you hear, James?" Mrs. Weldon's voice caused the little sufferer to look up and sigh deeply.

"I don't want to go away," he replied and sank deeper into the chair.

It was not long, however, before Jimmy felt a marked improvement in his condition. He suddenly straightened up in his chair and listened intently. From the open window came his fair sister's voice—"Oh, George please, don't—not here and, and, now. Please, George, no."

Jimmy immediately had visions of his sister being murdered by this strange man. He would rescue her! He arose cautiously and crept into the parlor where he beheld Evelyn sitting in a big chair and George sitting on the edge of a wicker couch, holding her hand.

"Taint very comfortable there is it mister?" queried Jimmy. For he, upon seeing the situation and the ab-

sence of revolvers and bloodshed had changed his course.

"What! Oh, er, er, I—why I hadn't noticed." George stood up as he spoke.

Jimmy, having no pressing engagement to claim his attention, sat down and prepared to spend the remainder of the afternoon there. The conversation, for the first few minutes was some what lacking, and then, as if the burden of the awful silence rested upon him, James launched into his favorite subject:



"Say, mister, can you stand on your head?"

At this point Evelyn interrupted the speaker to perform the hitherto forgotten rites of introduction.

"James, I don't believe you have met Mr. Mannering."

Jimmy looked up, grinned and said: "H' lo."

For another five minutes there was silence and then Jimmy tried again:

"Say, can you stand on your head—I asked you?"

Mr. Mannering laughed uneasily



and said politely, "Why no, my little man, I don't believe I can!"

"Well, I can—do you want to see me?" volunteered the amiable Jimmy. Without waiting for a reply he accordingly stood on his head in a corner.

"Well, that is fine." commented Mr. Mannering dryly, "and who taught you to do that?"

Jimmy cast a sly glance at his sister who was sitting very close to the edge of her chair and then he replied—

"Sister told me I must never tell."

Marion Smith '20.

Jimmy Weldon

JIMMY Weldon limped up the walk towards his home. Shame and utter despair were personified in every move of his thin little body, from his red head to the soles of his worn out shoes.



Unfortunately for Jimmy, his grandmother Weldon was having tea with several of her friends on the side porch. As the bruised and dirty youngster came slowly up the steps, a look of horror and dismay crossed his grandmother's florid face.

"James Mathias Weldon," said Mrs. Weldon Sr., sternly.

Jimmy stopped short in his slow but steady progress towards the open door

and ventured a weak questioning, "Ma'am?"

"James Mathias, I am shocked and grieved."

Jimmy stood on one foot, digging the toe of his boot into the grass rug. He rubbed his eyes with a grimy fist making damp, muddy streaks on his cheeks. With his free hand he clutched frantically at the leg of his corduroy knickers. His blouse hung limply about his waist and a long white cord dangled around his knees.

"Ma'am?" repeated Jimmy innocently.

At this moment Jimmy's mother appeared in the doorway. At sight of her young son she grew pale, hastily excused herself and re-entered the house, followed by Jimmy.

Once inside Mrs. Weldon examined him to determine the extent of his injuries and found that many of the supposed bruised spots were only dirty smudges.

As they ascended the stairs, Jimmy protested in loud tones, "Gee Mamma, Oh gee gosh Mamma, I never meant to do it, honest I didn't aw please Mamma, no!"

"James, for mercy's sake be quiet," commanded Mrs. Weldon sharply.

Jimmy's sister Evelyn, dressed for the afternoon, stood at the top of the stairs, poking a curly lock of brown hair up under a big white hat.

"Evelyn, I am sorry, But I shall have to ask you to stay at home this afternoon. Brother must be washed and dressed and I simply cannot leave

Seventy-seven



your grandmother's callers to do it myself, so you see—"

"Oh, mother!" interrupted Evelyn, "and I'm *all* dressed."

"Now don't be unreasonable dear, I'm sure your friends will understand."

"Unreasonable—understand! Why Jack is coming for me in his car at four. Can I very well tell him that I am unable to go riding because I have to bathe my brother? Can I, I just ask you, can I." Her voice soared to a weired wail. She snatched her hat from her head and stalked into her room.

A moment later Mrs. Weldon returned to her guests, flushed, but triumphant.

The conversation on the front porch concerning the problem of domestic help was suddenly interrupted by a wild howl and lusty shrieks:

"Ow, ouch, ow I tell you, gee, ow, gosh you're hurting me—you're hurting me I told you, ow—you're pulling my ears."

Although Mrs. Weldon Sr. entirely disregarded the interruption, Jimmy's mother expressed her anxiety by opening and closing her mouth several times in rapid succession without emitting any sound.

A big, green car turned silently into the Weldon's driveway and stopped. A handsome young man jumped out and came towards the house.

"Good afternoon Mr. Levering," said Mrs. Weldon graciously, "Evelyn will be down in just a moment, I'm sure. Wouldn't you like to take James with you? He does enjoy riding so much."

Although Mr. Levering appeared to be embarrassed, he replied promptly: "Why yes, Jim may go, that is if he cares to. We are just going to ride around a bit."

"Oh, that's *so* good of you, and I know he'll not be any bother at all."

Fifteen minutes later, Evelyn appeared. She ran down the steps,

smiling and waving a greeting to Jack.

"James, dear, sister and Mr. Levering want you to go riding with them, get your cap."

"Now don't stand up Jimmy and don't lean over the side of the car. Now mind or we will have to take you right home," instructed Evelyn as the big car rolled out of the driveway.

It is nearly impossible for one small boy to sit, or remain seated on a slippery leather seat, and soon Jimmy was standing unnoticed behind the front seat.

"Ah, Evelyn, I, I brought you—er, say, aren't we having glorious weather?" remarked Jack.

"Umhmm," asserted Evelyn. A long pause followed, broken at last by Jack.

"I brought you out here, that is, I mean I have something to, to, er—ask you, I—"

"Hey you," broke in Jimmy, "Say, what's 'at little button for?"

"What! Oh, oh that's for the lights," replied Jack.

"Well, Evelyn, as I was just saying, I want to ask you to, to, or if you will, er—"

"Say, say what is that?" questioned Jimmy, pointing to the speedometer.

"Jimmy, be quiet," commanded Evelyn.

"Well, what *is* it, I asked you, huh, what is it?" persisted Jimmy.

"Oh, that's the thing that shows how fast we are going. Now for pity's sake sit down."

"And, Evelyn, the question I, er, I want to ask you is—"

"Well how fast *are* we going? You, how fast are we going?"

"Hush, Jimmy or we'll take you *right* home," said Evelyn sternly.

"I was about to ask you—" continued Mr. Levering despairingly.

"What would happen if I pushed this little button, huh, what would?"

Receiving no reply Jimmy proceeded to investigate, and so he



pushed the button in question and with a sickening choke the engine stopped.

"What did it do that for, huh, why did it?" Jimmy leaned forward and examined the little black button on the dashboard and then he began to talk again.

"I knew a man once who pushed a little button like that an' his ol' car stopped on him an' he never could get it to run again an' he kept on tryin' an' tryin' to start the car an' finally he left it, way out in the country just about where we are now and walked home." Jimmy stopped, breathless, to observe the effects of

his story upon his two listeners.

"Jimmy you have made a general nuisance of yourself all afternoon. We are going *right* home and you may never go with us again!"

"Jimmy looked at his sister with a smile, but to his surprise he found that she really meant what she said. As the big, green car stopped with a jerk in front of the Weldon home at five-thirty that afternoon, Jimmy jumped gayly out.

"Well, we've had a good ol' time, haven't we?" he said cheerfully.

"Yes, I really believe *you have*," said Jack Levering wearily as the car started away.

Signs of Spring

IT was a Friday afternoon in early spring. Jimmy Weldon sat on an upturned box in his back yard and tried, in vain, to teach a very small, yellow, scrawny dog to sit up and beg for bits of cookie. Just as the boy was beginning to note signs of intelligence in the dog a window of the house was thrown open and Mrs. Weldon called out:

"Come son, you must get washed. Grandmother is coming on the four-eleven train. You want to meet her and carry her suit-case for her, don't you?"

"Aw gee, well a'right mamma."

It was with some reluctance that Jimmy started toward the station fifteen minutes later. His face felt strangely stiff and drawn and his hands in such a state of cleanliness seemed alien to him. Whenever Grandmother Weldon came, Jimmy suffered the same tortures and agonies that being too clean always inflicts upon boys of eight years.

The four-eleven train was a little late, but this was of little consequence to Jimmy, for with a toothpick protruding from the corner of his mouth, he walked slowly back and forth on the station platform

with an air of manly indifference.

Mrs. Weldon Sr. alighted from the train with some difficulty. She was a very stout lady with a triple chin. She was dressed in an elaborate suit of purple velvet, a hat waving with ostrich plumes and she carried a large leather traveling bag.

"Well, you dear child," she wheezed as she came up to Jimmy, and then, she kissed him on his left cheek. Jimmy immediately rubbed the back of his hand over the kissed portion of his face and looked cautiously around to determine if possible just who had witnessed this performance.

Due to Mrs. Weldon's corpulence and the weight of the traveling bag which Jimmy was carrying, the pair proceeded to the Weldon home with apparent difficulty.

"Well, now tell me James, how you like your little baby sister?" asked Mrs. Weldon between gasps.

"Well, I can't just tell yet. I've never seen her with her face straightened out. Every time I look at her, or anything, she wrinkles up her nose, opens her ol' mouth and hollers to beat the dickens."

"What mongrel is that?" queried



Mrs. Weldon as she caught sight of a yellow puppy basking contentedly on the Weldon front door step.

"Oh, gee gran'ma where, where?"

"I am referring to that horrible mangy, flea-bitten dog—"

"Why he's mine—here Sport—isn't he dandy, he's just new."

* * * * *

One afternoon, a week later, as Jimmy's mother and grandmother sat sewing before an open grate fire—Mrs. Weldon Sr. said:

"Margaret, I have rather hesitated about mentioning Jimmy, for you seemed so busy and worried over the baby, but I really feel that now the



time has come when I must call your attention to—"

"Oh goodness, gracious what has that boy been doing now?"

"Be calm, Margaret, I am not referring to any misdemeanor on James' part, although I dare say, he has plenty of faults."

"Well James is a very good boy, considering that he is a boy."

"But, my dear, haven't you no-

ticed how exceedingly nervous he is?"

"Nervous," echoed the Junior Mrs. Weldon.

"Why yes," continued Grandmother Weldon, leaning forward in her chair and putting her sewing aside. "Surely you have noticed how he blinks and bats his eyes and jerks his head. He is under weight too, I'm certain."

"Why, mother, James seems to be perfectly well and he has a splendid appetite."

"Well, Margaret, you can't always tell."

"Perhaps I haven't been as watchful of him as I ought to be," said Mrs. Weldon remorsefully.

"Yea Mamma," called Jimmy as he bounded breathlessly into the room, "what d'you think, me an'—"

"James, take off your cap. How many times must I tell you?"

"Well, listen, Mamma, me an' Artie and Skinny is going to the trout stream with Mr. Hull on Saturday, kin I go Mamma?"

"May I—not can, James," reproved his mother.

"Well, ca—may I? Huh?"

"Why yes son, I think that will be fine."

"Oh gee, mamma," grinned Jimmy and with a war whoop he dashed out the door.

"The idea of allowing a boy as ill as he is to go out of your sight! Really, Margaret, your judgement is exceedingly poor." With this remark Mrs. Weldon Sr. gathered up her work and left the room.

When Mr. Weldon returned from a business trip several days later he found his mother and his wife in a state of anxiety concerning Jimmy.

"Just look at that boy, Albert," said Mrs. Weldon Sr.

Mr. Weldon puffed long and hard at his cigar and regarded his son. Jimmy was busily studying his geography lesson, but from time to time



he jerked his head in a peculiar fashion and blinked his eyes rapidly. Suddenly a broad grin crossed Mr. Weldon's face. He looked at his mother, then at his wife and shook his head slowly:

"You women," he drawled. "That boy's not nervous, all he needs is a good hair cut. Get your cap and come with me, son."

Not many evenings later, however, grandmother Weldon noticed that Jimmy was acting extraordinarily queer; first he moved his right arm and shoulder vigorously, then did likewise with his left. His legs also came in for their share of twitching, stretching and scratching. Apparent-

ly there *was* something wrong with the child.

"Albert, you were mistaken in supposing that all James needed was a hair cut. Just look how he is acting. I really can't see how you allow such a condition to exist right under your very eyes, really I can't.

Mr. Weldon observed his son's contortions for a moment, then he rose, cast the butt of his cigar into the ash receiver, walked over to where Jimmy was sitting and slipped his hand down the child's back.

"Great Scott! You women are good," he remarked savagely. Then smiling, he said, "Say Margaret, hasn't this poor kid any lighter weight underwear?"

Jimmy Improves His Mind

ON a Saturday morning in February, Jimmy Weldon clad in cap, coat, and mittens, was busily engaged in making snow balls preparatory to the coming snow battle scheduled for the afternoon. The manufacture of ammunition was suddenly interrupted by the voice of a small girl calling shyly:

"Oh, Jimmy, hello!"

Jimmy, had his face not been so red from cold and exertion, might have blushed, but on this occasion he merely wiped his nose on the back of his mitten and made circles in the snow with the toe of his heavy boot.

"H'lo, Virginia," he said after an awkward silence.

"Hello," repeated Virginia.

"Fine weather we're havin' for snow balls, huh, Virginia?" questioned Jimmy.

"I guess so," replied Virginia as she nervously fastened and unfastened the button of her glove.

"Yea," said Jimmy.

The day before in grade 5A Miss Rogers had offered a prize of two dollars to the boy or girl who in one week's time would add to his or her

vocabulary the greatest number of new words. This announcement had made little impression upon Jimmy, for at the time he had been making a checker-board figure in the front of his geography book.

"Say, Jimmy, are you going to enter the school contest?"

"I don't know, are you Virginia, huh?"

"Yes, why don't you too?"

"Well, maybe I will," said Jimmy.

"Oh, goody, goody," cried Virginia, clapping her hands and hopping up and down on the sidewalk.

"What are *you* so tickled over any way?" asked Jimmy sullenly.

"Oh it's the funniest thing, all the girls bet that you of all people wouldn't enter the contest and I just knew that I could make you," called Virginia as she hurried away.

"You did not make me, so there, you ol' smarty. Any way, I'll have a lot easier time than you learning new words because I don't know so many to begin with, so there now if you think you're so darn smart."

Jimmy then turned again to the business of making snow balls and



when, an hour later, his mother called him for luncheon he regarded his morning's labor with evident satisfaction and gouged a jagged seventy-six into the side of the huge snow fort.

Jimmy ate his lunch in silence. When he had finished he carefully folded his napkin, an act almost never performed by the young son of the household. He appeared reluctant to leave the dining-room and

missing, one Eversharp pencil, two front teeth, several coat buttons, and one mitten; wounded, two boys and one dog.

"Well, so long fellows," called Jimmy as he ran up the front steps, "See you at Sunday School tomorrow, maybe."

Mr. Weldon was out of town on business and so dinner that evening was served a little earlier than usual. Immediately after the meal Jimmy



stood near his mother's chair nervously twirling a spoon. It was not until Evelyn, his sister, had left the room that Jimmy spoke.

"Say, mamma, do you happen to know where a dictionary is? I don't want to use it today or any thing you know, mamma, but I was just wondering where it was."

Mrs. Weldon suppressed a smile and although she was a bit curious and surprised by the nature of this request she did not question her son.

"Why, yes, son I think you will find a dictionary in your father's den."

"Aw' right mamma," said Jimmy sheepishly as he left the room.

The snow ball battle staged in the Weldon front yard that afternoon, raged in all its fury for nearly an hour. The casualty list, had it ever been compiled, might have read something like this: killed, no one;

went to his father's den in quest of the dictionary. At eight o'clock a very sleepy eyed Jimmy stood in the library door way and addressed his mother:

"Say, mamma, guess I'll go to bed I'm sleepy. G'night mamma."

Mrs. Weldon smiled as she said sweetly: "Good night, son, I'm so glad you're getting to bed early tonight." Then as an after thought she called: "Remember, James, this is Saturday night."

"Aw gee, mamma, I'll take it in the morning, honest I will, mamma."

On Monday evening when Mr. Weldon returned he was met in the hall by his son.

"Those sure are acrimonious new gloves you have, papa," said Jimmy.

"They are what kind of gloves?" asked Mr. Weldon.

"Acri— acrimonious," repeated Jimmy.



"Yes, yes so they are. I only feared I had misunderstood you, Jim," said Mr. Weldon as he went up stairs.

At the dinner table Jimmy turned to his father and asked: "Did you see that snow fort in our front yard, papa?"

"Why, yes, it seems to me I did notice it."

"Well, I made it all myself too, papa, it's a pretty diacoustic thing, isn't it?"

Mr. Weldon looked puzzled, but replied that he thought it was.

When the gelatin pudding was served, Jimmy, after a hasty glance at the paper in his lap, said: "This is sure equivocal pudding we're having tonight."

"Beg pardon?" said Mrs. Weldon absently as she poured a cup of tea for her husband.

Mr. Weldon was suddenly siezed with a violent attack of coughing, during which Jimmy made a hasty exit kitchenward.

"The boy hasn't been ill, has he

Sarah?" quired Mr. Weldon when he recovered his composure.

"No, no," laughed Mrs. Weldon. "He is only practising for some foolish school contest."

Two weeks later as Jimmy was shoveling snow off the front walk, Virginia passed by the house. Jimmy pretended not to see her, but she called to him:

"Hello, Jimmy, what are you doing?"

"Mowing the lawn," returned Jimmy savagely.

"Well Jimmy, I won the contest and I thought that if you weren't too busy that we might go down to the Drug Store for ice cream."

"What?" gasped the astonished Jimmy.

"Yes," said Virginia as she exhibited a new two dollar bill. "Shall we?"

"Yea, let's do," answered Jimmy."

Marion Smith '20.

I Did It with My Little Typewriter

THE students of Hinsdale Township High School were not going to see the memory of the first president of the United States defamed and degraded by any careless action of the school board or the teachers of our institution of learning.

Yesterday was George Washington's birthday. The first 188th birthday anniversary the "father of our country" ever had and also the last.

The authorities who fix the school hours of this academy saw fit to ignore this fact but the students would not let the memory of the great tree chopper go unavenged—they put an end to the outrage in short order.

Led by the wiser and elder heads among the student body they revolted. Such tyranny could not endure in

the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The student body, anxious as always that the best traditions of America should be preserved, refused to abide by any off-hand edict of those who thought they were running the school. The students knew who was running the school and they meant to let the teaching staff know who was running it.

First the students offered to arbitrate the matter but it soon became aparent that arbitration was not in the catalogue of the teachers. Then stronger measures were taken.

They laid down their pencils, poneys, and powder-puffs, punched the time-clock, and started to take the air. Then such a hustle and bustle, hurry and flurry, and wagging of

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tongues as has never before been heard among our beloved instructors arose.

Action was needed, and quick action too, if the day was to be saved.

The gallant "major," with that coolness, which so characterizes his every action when in the face of danger, took upon himself the responsibility of meeting the crisis. Then he thought again and decided to "pass the buck" to the supreme commander and exalted ruler of the school board.

Central woke up with a start and swallowed her gum. The fire bell blew and Chief of Police Nicholson arrived on the gallop. The Hinsdale Doings ran off an extra. Consternation ruled the village, and Gen. Hughes 600 miles away.

Finally communciation was established with the supreme commander and in gasps the "major" told her of the undergraduate arrogance.

Breathless silence pervaded the office as the message was given. Then came a voice from afar over the wire.

Voice over wire: "Have they walked out on you?"

The "Major": "Oh sugar, they have!"

"Then let them."

"I have."

"Don't call them back."

"I won't."

"But give them a holiday."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"They've taken one already."

And that was the way liberty was won in Hinsdale on the 188th anniversary of the birth of him who gave our main street its name.

The voice of the people has been raised and it has been heard. It echoed and reverberated from the County line to Greggs road and even thundered forth above the roar of Gardner Symonds declaiming the "Man of the Hour."

This voice shall never be stilled and this day shall never be forgotten. Our children—yea, and even our children's children—shall listen with awe and admiration to the tale of how their forefathers played hookey on the 188th birthday anniversary of our hero who was never licked—except on the back of a two cent stamp.

"Mogul."

My Brother Bill

INTRODUCTION: This portion of my diary is devoted to the strange actions of my brother Bill who is just seventeen.

Mon. Well Bill certainly has been acting queer lately. When he came home after school this afternoon he got out his mandolin and began to practise as if he was trying to serenade someone singing mournful and awful silly sounding stuff about love and other crazy dope. When mother told him to shut up he went up stairs in front of the long mirror and began to practice these love scenes that you see in the movies, where the guy gets down on his knees and

waves his hands around in the air.

Tues. He gets worse every day; after going thru the love scenes and the serenade stuff he tried combing his hair in as many different ways as possible. He even tried to comb it with sis' curling iron muttering to himself, "Oh, if it would only stay curly; she said she liked curly hair."

Wed. When mother told him to wash the dishes this afternoon he told her he wouldn't cause it would spoil his hands? Mother didn't say anything strait to Bill but just said to herself "Isn't it funny that girls like fellows with strong ruff looking hands. I heard Helen say that the

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other day." Bill didn't say anything but in a little while he came in and asked for the dish rag.

Thurs. Tonight at dinner Bill tried to act old and wise and when pa asked him he shut up and got mad. He was all excited about his being in some play and says to himself when he didn't think I was listening "Talk about luck Boy I have to make love to Helen in the first act and kiss her in the last."

Fri. I guess I know what is the matter with Bill now. Our room all went to the movies last night and who should come in and sit in front of us but Bill and Helen. I got ex-

cited and hollered out "Hey Bill, I thought you said you had to go to some club meeting tonight." The girl got mad and told him that he needn't take her out any more if he was going to lie about it. On top of all this Toney and Farmer and the gang in the back of the place kidded the daylights out of them.

Sat. Bill is all over his foolishness. When I asked him if he had a good time the night before he told me to shut my mouth and keep it shut. Well, even if Helen did get mad I saved Bill from going clear crazy. I hope he never meets any more Helens.

Henry Neil '20.





Bright Sayings of the Classroom

M. Fetzer: "The annual eruption of this volcano comes about once every four or five years."

Miss Tracy: "Henry, why do words have roots?"

Heinie: "So that the language can grow, I guess."

B. Alyea: "Once there were two maidens, Hildegarde and Hildegrade."

Miss T.: "What about Centigrade?"

Bernice: "Oh., I forgot that one."



Miss Littell: "Willie, can you use the word 'gruesome' in a sentence?"

Willie: "Yes'm. Pa broke his razor, so he quit shavin' and gruesome whis-kers."

Teacher: "We are teaching your son 'First Aid' at school."

Father of dull pupil: "You'd better teach him 'Second or 'Third Aid,' Ma'am. He's so durn slow that he'd never get there in time to use the First."

Jimmy: "I hear Maggie trun' you down."

Bill: "Tha's all right, she can't brag, I been trun' down by better girls than her."

The Major: (Showing class picture of zebra) "Now what is this animal."

Bright One: "Looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit."

The City Guy: "Tell me, how's the milk maid?"

The Country Lass: "It isn't made, the cow gives it."

Bing: "Has she many suitors?"

Sting: "Oh, yes, but none of them do."

Bing: "Do what?"

Sting: "Suitor."

"Help, Isadore, I am drowning," yells owner of boat to companion Isadore.

Isaac comes up for the third time when Isadore, who can swim, catches sight of him.

"Hey, Isaac, if you don't come up again, can I haf tha boat?"

He: "What do you say to a tramp in the park?"

She: "Oh, I never speak to the nasty things."

Tonsilitis was getting the goat
Of a certain young fellow named
Shote;

"Will I croak?" asked the lad

And the doctor looked sad,

And said, "Sure, you've a frog in your throat."

Elija had a swell automobile, didn't he?

Why so?

He went up to heaven on high.

What do the freshmen do with their week ends?

They wear their hats on 'em.

How are you to-day?

Oh, I can't kick.

I thought you were ill.

I am, I've got the gout.



Miss Case: "Where is your excuse?"
 Goof: "Haven't got it."
 Miss Case: "Did you forget it?"
 Goof: "No."
 Miss Case: "What did you do with it?"
 Goof: "Didn't remember to bring it."



When a Feller Needs a Friend.

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Olie with his hair mussed?
 Norrie Williamson forgetting his dignity?
 Miss Tracy without her sarcasm?
 Miss Potter without an opinion upon some question?
 Heinie Neil with a grouch?
 Louie Giesener in spats?
 Pierce getting serious?
 Herbie Mann staying at home at night?
 Cecil missing a dance?
 Bill Weddell as Hamlet?
 Symonds at a loss for words?
 Elam in a bathing suit?
 Frenchie making a noise?
 Chrystal in a Mack Sennet Comedy?
 Beatty enjoying himself in History?
 Mugga doing the shimmy?
 Siegy Carlson driving under forty per?
 "Wop" Barfield losing his temper?

Ike: "How did you come out at high school?"
 Mike: "Kicked out."
 "Say, got anything on your hip?"
 "No, only a birthmark."



A SENIOR'S IDEA OF PERFECTION.

Hair like Ted's.
 Smile like Bob's.
 Voice like Pierce's.
 Perseverance like H. Gardiner's.
 Nerve like C. Raymond's.
 Pep like Wilson's.
 Wit like Mugga's.
 Style like Olie's.
 Disposition like Cupid's.
 Complexion like Henry's.
 Laugh like Hink's.
 Devotion like Lloyd's.
 Appetite like H. D. Hughes'.
 And then someone might find a flaw.

Oh, can we e'er again be glad?
 How can our hearts be gay?
 For song and woman seem so sad,
 Since wine has passed away.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN—

Brandt with a spit curl?
 Miss Littell on stilts?
 "Cut" Wolf in a football suit?
 Hogan agreeing with anyone?

Hooch: "I don't think its fair, they kick my dog out of the building every time he comes to school with me."

Kooch: "Well, why shouldn't they?"

Hooch: "Well, I know a lot of guys that bring poneys to class every day."



YOUTH: (at barber shop) "Say, barber, how long will I have to wait for a shave?"

Barber: (stroking his chin) "About two years, sonny."

A teddy bear sat on the ice,
As cold as cold could be.
But soon he up and walked away
"My tale is told," said he.

The patient teacher was trying to show the small boy how to read with expression.

"Where-are-you-going?" read Johnny with no expression whatever.

"Try that again," said the teacher, "Read as if you were talking. Notice that little mark at the end."

Johnny studied the interrogation mark for a moment, and an idea seemed to dawn on him; then he read out triumphantly: "Where are you going, little buttonhook?"



FROSH: (Fervently) "And please, God, make Rameses the king of France."

Mother: (Shocked) "Why, what made you say that?"

Frosh: "'Cause I made it that way on my examination paper."

The loophound sneaked up to the bar,
Whispered, "Where can I get some 'Three Star?'"

"In the sweet bye and bye,"
Was the barkeeps reply,
As he played on his Spanish guitar.

"This bun took the prize at the baking contest."

"Ah, the roll of honor."

"Was she shy when you asked her her age?"

"Shy about ten years I guess."

Teacher: (Impressing the lesson upon students) "And why did Ben Adhem's name lead all the rest?"

"I guess they must have arranged them alphabetically."

When you have an eight page theme for English, an' you get out of school and worry all afternoon, and try to think up a subject, and at night you sit at your desk, but you can't write a word, and you go to school in the morning gritting your teeth and determined to take your medicine like a man; IF Mr. Hughes mosies in and announces an assembly, A N D says your English period will be omitted, Oh Boy, aint it a grand an' glorious feelin'? Tya tya tya.

HIGH SCHOOL DONT'S.

DONT throw an eraser at a classmate and hit the teacher as she enters the room.

DONT argue with Miss Potter. She'll add another fifteen minutes.

DONT sign your father's name to an excuse if he has already written several for you.

DONT change your report card for the edification of your parents and forget to change it again for the edification of them as makes it out.

DONT forget to stay for Miss Case. She has an excellent memory.

DONT turn over the ink bottle into your typewriter unless you want to write mushy letters.

And DONT, whatever you do, DONT get caught at it.



BONES.

He was still wearing his uniform. She looked adorable in evening dress. They sat together on the chaise longue.

"Tell me," she whispered, with admiration leaping in her heart, "what was the most exciting moment of the war to you?"

"Must you really know?" he queried anxiously.

"Please," she cooed softly.

"Since you must know," he began, "'Twas at Fismes. Twilight was settling o'er the land. In a shell hole I faced a group of six war-hardened brutes. Hatred was in their eyes. Every hand was against me. Annihilation and despair followed in their wake. I knew at a glance that I could expect no mercy from them. In my hands were two of the deadliest weapons known to mankind. I was holding my breath, muttering a prayer under my lips. I staked my all on a single throw. 'Then—', he paused as if for dramatic effect.

Breathlessly she murmured: "Yes, yes—what then?"

"I rolled a seven."

Mrs: "I consider sheep the most stupid beings on earth."

Mr. (absent minded) "Yes my lamb."

The New Year tolls the knell of parting sprees,

The workingman brings home his weekly fee,

The corner cop reports not all he sees;
My cellar waits for darkness and me.

"Can you do algebra?"

Frosh: "No, but mother can."

Well, that's one way.

Mr. Hughes: "You may sit down. There's a limit to respect."

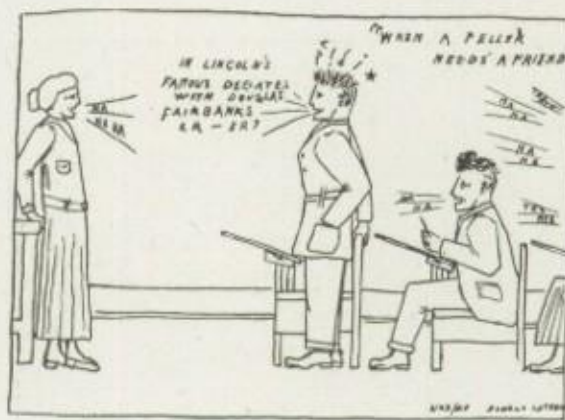
Unfortunate One: "It isn't respect, sir, it's a boil."

Excited lady: (at phone) "I want my husband at once."

Central: "Number please."

E. L.: "Oh, the fourth, you impudent thing."

You can always tell a Senior
For he's sedately gowned;
You can always tell a Junior
By the way he jumps around;
You can always tell a freshie
From his tanned shoes and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore
But you can't tell him much.



"Mama, if I eat dates enough, will I grow up to be an almanac?"

Him: "Isn't it strange how a disease always strikes one in ones weakest spot?"

Her: "I see you have a cold in your head."

"Did you know they used to fight in pajamas in the olden days?"

"Impossible."

"It says right here that 'ye goode King Arthur went forth to battle with his royal knightes.'"

Instructor: "I'm going to flunk you in this course. Do you know why?"

Stude: "I can't think."

Instructor: "You guessed it."

Sunday School Teacher: "And what is the forbidden fruit?"

Sleepy: "A raisin."



"Did you hear about the elevator dance?"

"No."

"It's a cinch. No steps in it."

Out on the lawn
No one nigh
Moonlight was soft
So was I.
One li'l kiss
No one to see,
I enjoyed it
So did she.

"They say a man can live on onions alone."

"He'd have to."

The aeroplane firm's been doing big
biz
With their birds-eye trips over the
town

up
go
to

And while we should like very much
We must wait till the

prices
come
down.



Prof: "Life is the superficial phenomena of arrested radiation, upon the outer crust of a cooling nebula."

Co-ed: "Gracious. No wonder living is so expensive."

"Do you know the song 'Nobody knows how dry I am?'"

'Sure, that's the Bottle Hymn of the Republic.'

The moving season's coming in;
Flat hunting takes a boom;
And many thousand folks have been
To look in Mabel's Room.

"How do you get so many girls?"
'Just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief.'

Humorist: "What'll you give me for this joke?"

Ye Ed: "A ten yard start."

"He whispered in her shell-pink ear,"
The stories used to say.
I'd like to see him try to find
The lady's ear to-day.

Got any thumb tacks?
No, but I got some finger nails.

Senior: "I practiced for college initiations all summer."

Junior: "How?"

Senior: "Paddled a girl in a canoe every night."

Did you ever hear the story of the married man who called his wife an umpire because she didn't think him safe when he was out?

"Poor Jones lost all his patients lately."

"How did it happen?"

"He sent in a death certificate the other day with his name signed in the space reserved for 'Cause of Death.'"

Paul Wilson: "I had great luck. I was in town the other day and got a snapshot of a gambler fleeing from the police."

Symonds: "Great, now go and get a time exposure of the police in pursuit."



"How did you feel, Captain, after killing a man?"

"Oh, I don't know, Doctor, how do you feel?"

Inspecting officer: "Now, sergeant, what precautions do you take against infected water?"

Sergeant: "Well, sir, first we boil it."

Officer: "Good."

Sergeant: "Then we filter it."

Officer: "Excellent."

Sergeant: "Then we drink Bevo."

Two Irishmen were working on the roof of a building when one slipped and fell to the ground. The other leaned over and called: "Are ye dead or alive, Mike?"

"I'm alive," said Mike feebly.

"Sure, yer such a liar I don't know whether to believe ye or not."

"Well, then, I must be dead, for ye wouldn't dare to call me a liar if I were alive."

"Listen, Grandma, just betwen ourselves, did father always wash the back of his neck?"

Teacher: (To first boy in line) "And what is your name, son?"

Boy: "Tom."

Teacher: "No it isn't Tom, it's Thomas." (To next boy) "And yours?"

Second boy: "Jackass."

"The old friend is certainly the best, after all."

"Why is he?"

"Where can you find a new friend that has been with you as long as an old one?"

"Which end of the street car are you supposed to get off?"

Wise Guy: "It really makes no difference. Both ends stop."

Son: "There's an awful rumbling in my stomach—like a cart going over a cobblestone road."

Ma: "It's probably the truck you ate for dinner."

"Don't you think Mildred has wonderful teeth?"

"Yes, but they're false."

"How do you know that, my dear?"

"She told me she inherited them from her mother."

(R)EVOLUTION.

Now a poor little fish
With his tail made a swish
In the face of a young poliwig.
Then the poly got sore,
And a solemn oath swore,
"I'll jump on you when I'm a frog."

He: "You say you are open for proposals?"

She: (eagerly) "Yes."

He: "Suppose we take a walk."

As she stifled a yawn she asked sweetly: "Is your watch going, George?"

"Yep," answered Georege.

"How soon?"

Voice from the bathroom: Say, John, got any ivory soap?

Voice from the dead: What for? Going to wash your head?

Pat: "What was that last card oi dealt ye, Mike?"

Mike: "A spade."

Pat: "Oi knew it, oi saw you spit on yer hands when ye picked it up."

"Those trousers of yours look a bit worn."

"Yes, they're on their last legs."

"When is a davenport not a davenport?"

"When it's a spoonholder."



FOR SALE AND RENT.

For Rent—By Hour or Trip—One very becoming smile, used, but in excellent condition. Apply Ted Pearson.

For Sale—One suit of clothes in good condition except for invisible abrasion at knee. Owner feels that he can no longer wear it as it has been in his possession for nearly two weeks. See Carl Ostrum.

Lost—One slightly used marcelle wave. Owner caught in rain. Return to office. No questions asked.

For Sale—Copy of Hamlet's soliloquy. Much recited. Robert Ayres.

Will Give Away—Several love affairs to person taking them off my hands. R. Cartlidge.

LOST AND FOUND.

Lost—One excellent joke. Told in a freshman class. One of them must have gotten it.

Lost—Several arguments, pro and con, almost new. Return to Rooseveltians.

Lost—One presidential candidate. See William Regnery.

Found—One pair overalls. Blue with white stripe. Supported by suspenders. Apply Louie Giesner.

ANNIE LAURIE'S ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN.

Dear Annie Laurie: I am a young man of sixteen, much in love with a girl of the same age; but she doesn't seem to like me. The other day we were riding in a car with some other young people. I put my arm around her and she made me stop. What would you advise? G. S.

G. S. Your case is hopeless, Gardiner, get a wild one.

Dear Annie Laurie: I am going with a young lady in my class at high school. When I am alone with her she is very nice, but at a dance she pays no attention to me whatever. Shall I leave her. E. B.

E. B. Take her to the movies.

Dear Annie Laurie: I own a motorcycle upon which I am frequently called upon to take certain girls home. When I turn the corners they throw their arms around me. This is very embarrassing and must be stopped. What shall I do? O. C.

O. C. All I can suggest is that you get a sidecar.



Excited Bridegroom: (Thirty minutes late) "Don't tell me the thing is over."

Suspicious Employer: "And did your Grandmother's funeral take all the afternoon?"

"Er-yes, sir, er-it was a double header."

She: "I like a man of few words and many actions."

He: "You want my brother. He has St. Vitus Dance."



M. Neil: (Debating) Therefore I conclude that corporations have no souls.

Voice: What about the shoe trust?

Science facts. How to make the maltese cross. Step on its tail.

Humorist: "I wonder if Robert Ayres the clothes that Gertrude Stoll."

Bither: "Our cat ate a tape measure the other day."

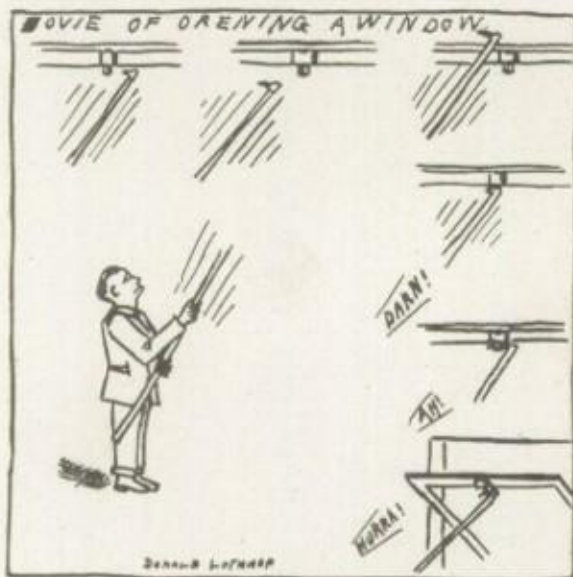
Johnson: "Old stuff, I suppose it died by inches."

Bither: "No, it went outside and died by the yard."

"That," said the loaf dramatically, pointing to the oven, "that is where I was bred."

A girl who was so clever
As to make you think she never
Spoke a true word to a man in all her life.

Proposed this leap year A. D.
But he said, "Your rep's so shady
That I am looking elsewhere for a wife."



WHEEZES

'When I proposed to her she asked me for time to make up her mind.'

Her hated rival: "Oh, she makes that up, too, does she?"

There was a young fellow named Bert
Whose brain was sadly inert.

He started to holler:

"I can't fix my collar,"

Before he had put on his shirt.

"I hear your son took trigonometry."

"Well, he was exposed to it, but I couldn't say that he took it."

"If you kiss me I'll scream."

"All right, just so you don't scream first."



CHEERFUL CHATTER.

Thayer: "I ate lunch at the bakery to-day, and she gave me a penny too much change. Am I guilty of theft?"

Kumstead: "No, you're in-a-cent."

At the Junior Subscription Dance:
"That was a nice piece they just played. Do you know the name of it?"

"No, I don't take music."

There was a young lady, quite rich,
Who heard funny noises, at which
She took off her hat,
And found that her rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

Wife: "The bill collector at the door."

Hubby: "Tell him to take that pile on my desk."



Senior Class Alphabet

A is for Ayres
Or otherwise Fish.
Besides being president
The girls think—oh, tish.

B is for Bernice,
A daring young miss.
And when she's not flirting
There's something amiss.

C is for Cupid,
O'erflowing with vim,
The pep of our class
Is sure due to him.

D is for Dorstewitz,
A star at every meet.
Athletic and handsome
He just can't be beat.

E is for Elam,
Ye humorous ed.
(They wrote me a poem
That would sure knock you dead.)

F is for Frenchie
So quiet and shy,
You really don't know her
Or you'd be surprised.

G is for Gardiner,
Our class busy-body.
Besides being studious
Jobs are his hobby.

H is for Hinckley,
Sometimes called Hink.
Just take it from us
He's far from a gink.

I is for Isy
For Schaefer she'll answer.
Besides being pretty
We know she's some dancer.

J is for Jazzy,
In other words Peggy—
Who'se both frivolous and fair
But a good friend and steady.

K is for Klein
Full of knowledge and pluck
And wherever she goes
We wish her good luck.

L is for Luthin
Loretta the same.
And whenever there's fun
She's right in the game.

M is for Marion,
More commonly Marn.
Who, when she likes
Can write some little yarn.

N is for Neil
Who hails from Oak Park,
He's a regular sport
And he sure loves a lark.

O is for Olie,
A regular guy.
When he's close to the Hub
He just can't pass it by.

P is for Piercy,
The class handsome man—
Matching socks and cravats
He's the boy who sure can.

Q is for quintette,
Our basketball team,
When they are the victors
Their faces all beam.

R is for Raymond,
Cecil the same.
We all know one thing,
He's sure strong for the dames.



S is for Straus,
Or Mugga by name.
By humor and stories
He's won all his fame.

T is for Ted
Who is always athletic;
But when chasing the Freshies
He sure is pathetic.

U is for you
All not mentioned in this
But we know you'll not mind
For there's nothing you've missed.

V is for vampire
In other words Chrys
She's always spending money,
A generous young miss.

W's for Wilson,
Of course we mean Paul.
Who manages all things
From fun to baseball.

Who knows a name
with x, y, and z?
If you do you're a wonder
So come and tell me.

Any person seeking revenge for the above, spare me, I'm not responsible.—Ed.







Acknowledgement

When you come to the end of a long day's work and look back over the task that has received your heartiest effort, there is bound to come a sense of satisfaction, but with this feeling is linked the sense of indebtedness to many friends.

The "Log" is the product of many hands and I wish to express my appreciation to those whose efforts have combined to make this publication possible.

To those members of the staff who have made a real contribution, who have conscientiously sacrificed time and personal convenience that this book might be a worth while production, and to all who have in any measure given of their skill and interest, I express my sincerest gratitude.

The staff is largely indebted to several under classmen for their splendid art work. We are especially grateful to Elita Hyde, Donald Lathrop, and Wilson Thayer, who gave freely of their time and resources when the Seniors had but few artists in their own ranks.

A book can be made or marred by the work of it's engraver and we can say that we are very well pleased with the quality of Jahn & Ollier work.

The Melvin Sykes Studio is deserving of much credit for their splendid photography work and we are more than satisfied with the work they have done for us.

And now as we await somewhat impatiently the appearance of the finished volume we cannot help but wonder if we have hit the mark, attained our goal. The product of a book that will reflect credit upon H. T. H. S. and upon the class of 1920—this has been our aim. If our ambition has been realized, our efforts have been well worth while, and we shall be satisfied.

The Editor.



Dear Readers:

As advertising manager I have come into contact with practically every business man in Hinsdale, and a good many outside houses, and in most cases the men felt that there could be no possible advertising value in buying this space, but a great many of them did come in for various size ads.

We want to make them feel that they have received full value for the money spent in both a financial and good spirit basis. If they feel that the community as a whole appreciates their co-operation, they will be willing to back up another annual when the next class attempts the publication of "The Log."

I cannot emphasize too strongly, the appreciation of the class of '20 to these men who have more than half paid the expense of the publication.

As other high schools have been able to demonstrate with success that "Annual ads pay", I hope that the backers of the school and the "Log" will not only keep this publication up to the standard set for us, but will even improve our position as an advertising medium.

Yours truly,

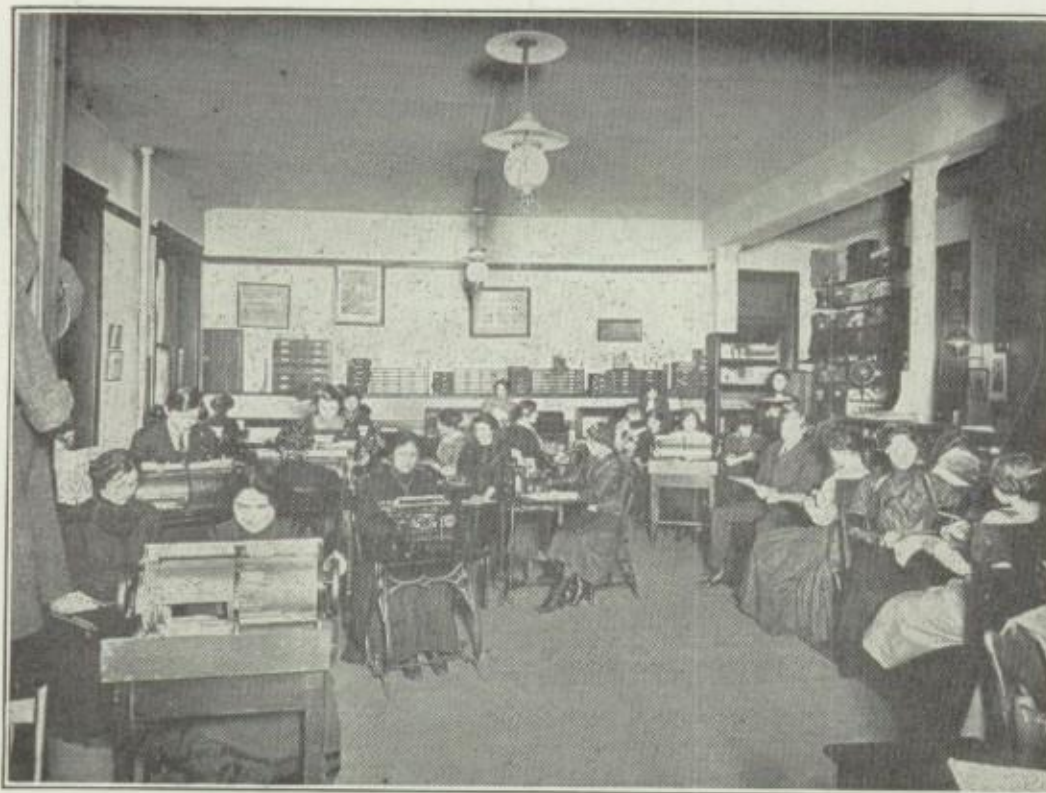
Advertising Manager.



Paterson Business Institute, La Grange

We are now in our own new building, 60 S. 5th Ave.

A cordial invitation is extended to all old friends and students to visit the best equipped business college in the west. Our 25th year.



Our model office. \$3,000 worth of expensive office appliances for the sole use of our students.



Special courses in office appliances in day and night school.



We always have a few extra rental typewriters which we deliver free.

P. B. I. BULLETIN

Day sessions, 8:30 to 2.

Night school, Monday and Thursday.

High school students master shorthand and other business courses, which are invaluable later in college or business life.

If you have already had some business training a few short weeks with us will finish and place you in a fine paying commercial or private secretarial position.

Special classes for adults.

Write now for free copy of our new illustrated magazine.

If you send in four or more names of those interested in a business course we will mail you one of the new Brown & Bigelow novelties.

Young ladies who wish to work their way through receive up to \$25 a month with room and board, while attending the P. B. I. day school. Young men also placed in lucrative positions while attending business college.

Call, write or phone 1326 La Grange.



WHETHER you are going off to college or directly to work you must have Clothes that "look the part."

Don't buy just a mere suit, and take a chance on the quality.

Our Clothes are tailored to fit *you* and you can pick your own quality.

C. H. PAPENHAUSEN

Custom Tailoring

Phone 816

HINSDALE, ILL.

Waterman Ideal Fountain Pens

Regular, Safety, and Self-Filling Types



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SIMPLE
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HINSDALE PHARMACY

Conrad S. Stuker, R. PH., Prop.
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HINSDALE, ILLINOIS



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Success comes through two channels—application to and specialization in one line of endeavor. These make the boys and girls of today the successful men and women of the future.

No other opportunity to secure an equally complete education in an equally desirable business has ever been offered.

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A salary is paid while attending the six weeks' course. At the successful completion of the course a position is assured in the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago. Advancement is continuous and sure.

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Room 711, 105 West Monroe Street
Standard Trust Building



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*Reliable
Plumbing and Heating*

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YOU GET THE MOST AND BEST

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IN

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BARRETT INSTITUTE

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CHICAGO

GRADUATES ARE GUARANTEED GOOD
POSITIONS AND GOOD SALARIES

Vanta Underwear

FOR THE

Babies



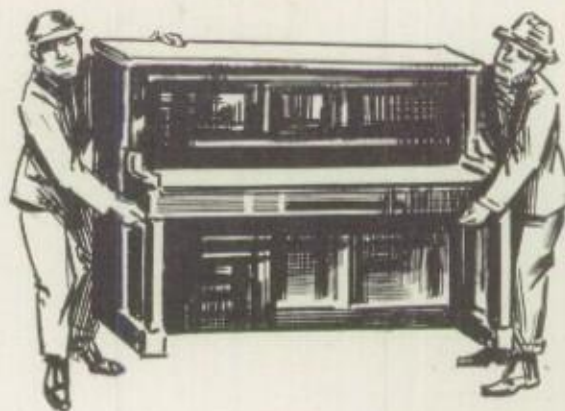
*No Buttons or Pins
Only Strings*



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Auto Expressing and Moving

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BUT THERE ON THE DOT

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Experienced Men Only. All Men Insured



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Will drive your boat wherever it will float. Over the shallows. Through the weeds. Wherever there is water a few inches deep and thick with weeds, you can skim along on the wings of the wind if your engine is an Aerothrust. It can be attached to any boat without boring a hole, starts easily and requires no attention when running. The air propeller acts as a gyroscope and steadies the boat, which is not handicapped by weeds or unexpected currents.

Specifications

of the

3 H. P. Motor

2 cylinder, opposed, 2 cycle, aeroplane type. 2½ in. bore, 2¼ in. stroke, 32 in. propeller, 3 ft. pitch. Tank capacity 1¼ gal. Speed 250 to 1600 R.P.M. Fuel consumption 15 to 20 miles per gal. Weight 85 lbs. including magneto, tank and base. High tension, built-in-fly wheel type magneto ignition. Lubricating oil is mixed with fuel.

*Greetings of the Season to you
1919 is going to be a great year for
the "Out-of-doors". The "Boys" coming back
from "Over there" and Camp life "Over here"
are going to be strong for camp, hike,
woods and water trails. Here's hoping you
get your share, and then some, of this new
business.*



Specifications

of the

5 H. P. Motor

2 cylinder, opposed, 2 cycle, aeroplane type. 3 in. bore, 3½ in. stroke, 42 in. propeller, 3½ ft. pitch. Tank capacity 3 gal. Speed 250 to 1300 R.P.M. Fuel consumption 20 to 25 miles per gal. Weight 115 lbs. including magneto, tank and base.

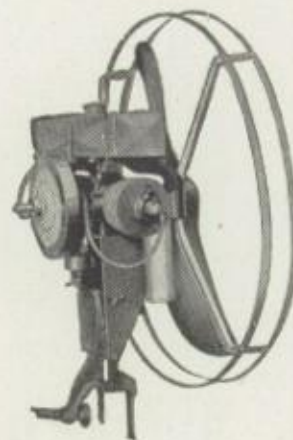
High tension, built-in-fly wheel type magneto ignition. Lubricating oil is mixed with fuel.

SPEED—SIMPLICITY—SATISFACTION

The Aerothrust will enable you to reach your favorite hunting ground quickly and easily without the fatigue of rowing. In driving against the wind the thrust of the propeller is increased, thereby overcoming the resistance of the wind against the hull of the boat.

The Aerothrust will drive your boat faster against the wind, and has sufficient power to tow three boats carrying four passengers each. In making landing, a pier is not necessary as you can run your boat on the beach without danger of burying the propeller in the ground, wearing off its cutting edges or tearing it from the shaft. When trolling, the Aerothrust will not disturb the water and frighten the fish, and can be throttled to just enough speed to keep your line taut.

Aerothrust owners are so enthusiastic over the new model, we are constantly receiving unsolicited testimonial letters, telling what the Aerothrust will do and how it gives complete satisfaction. Write for Booklet.



Aerothrust

1 MADISON STREET, LA PORTE, INDIANA

C. RAYMOND FREDRICKS, AGENT



The Big Question is—Where to get the biggest value in Men's Wearing Apparel. Without a moments hesitation we say—

— H E R E —

Suits with the smartness, quality and style of a "Twin Six," as reliable, serviceable and economical as a "Ford." In fact we carry

Everything a Man Wears

Always the best at

**Sommer's
Furnishing Store**

3 So. Washington St.

HINSDALE,

ILLINOIS

*For Reliable and
Prompt Service*

Call

Hinsdale 100

**Hinsdale Taxi and
Livery Co.**



Ten Ride Books \$2.00

***ARES'
LAUNDRY***

To the Citizens of Hinsdale:

We now have the finest Hand Laundry in the State.

We appreciate your patronage, and I wish to say that my success has been due to the citizens of Hinsdale.

With many thanks, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

T. A. ARES.

Phones 42 and 43

**Robberts
Fancy Grocery**

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Hinsdale, Ill.

*We aim to give you
prompt service, and
the best of goods at
lowest prices.*



Pianos and Players



*Salesrooms: Republic Building
209 South State Street
Chicago*



Electric Shoe Repairing

**Work Neatly Done
and Guaranteed**

**Save—Have Your Old
Shoes Made Like New**

Electric Shoe Repair Shop
OPPOSITE DEPOT

Kelly Springfield

—and—

Silvertown Cords

Hinsdale Auto Co.

IT CAN BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That maybe it couldn't but he'd not be
one

To say so till he'd tried,
So he buckled right in with a bit of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it,
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done and he did it.

Somebody scoffed oh you'll never do that
Or at least no one ever has done it,
But he took off his coat and he took off
his hat

And the first thing we knew he'd
begun it.

With a bit of a grin and a lift of his chin
Without any doubting or quit it,
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing

That couldn't be done and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot
be done,

There are thousands to prophecy fail-
ure.

There are thousands to point out one by
one

The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Take off your hat and go to it.

Just start in to sing as you tackle the
thing

That cannot be done and you'll do it.

—By Edgar A. Guest.

The Chicago Expansion Bolt Company

With compliments to C. R. Fredricks
and H. G. Symonds.

**Fancy Gowns French Dry
Cleaned a Specialty
Lace Curtains,
Rugs, Portiers**

Charles R. Aldrich
Dyer and Cleaner

7 So. Washington St.
HINSDALE, ILL.

TELEPHONE 294

UPHOLSTERING
Furniture Repairing
Mattresses Renovated
At Reasonable Prices

**We Always Have on Hand Chair and
Rocker Frames to Suit Your Taste**

Hinsdale Upholstering Shop
Phone 635

**Place Your Order Early
for Good Service**

Roth's Reliable Taxi Service
F. E. Roth, Prop.

PHONE 168



“Trade in Hinsdale”

THE HINSDALE COMMERCIAL ASSOCIATION

*HAS FOR ITS OBJECT, THE PROMOTION OF CO-
OPERATIVE MOVEMENTS FOR THE IMPROVE-
MENT OF LOCAL BUSINESS CONDITIONS, THE
SOCIAL ENJOYMENT OF ITS MEMBERS AND THE
BETTERMENT OF CIVIL AFFAIRS IN THE VIL-
LAGE OF HINSDALE.*

Patronize the Merchants Who Help to
Make Hinsdale a Better Town to Live In



Hinsdale Laundry

H. W. Andermann, Proprietor

**HAND WORK
OUR SPECIALTY**

16 VILLAGE PLACE

Hinsdale, Ill.

Phone 2

Telephone Hinsdale 692

The Home Restaurant

S. Clineff, Proprietor

**Steaks, Chops and Fresh
Coffee at All Hours**

Chicken Dinner Every Sunday

194 Hinsdale Ave., Hinsdale, Ill.



The Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co. maintains a graduate course of practical engineering training for the technical graduate. This course represents the most practical course of its kind in the electrical industry. It is just such a course as will best, and most rapidly, develop and fit the technical man for the work he will later be called upon to do.

FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company

Educational Department

East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Phone 821

H. LIEBERMAN

**Ladies' Tailor
and Furrier**

218 FIRST STREET

Hinsdale, Ill.

Frank J. Hauser

**Practical Horseshoeing
General Blacksmithing
Rubber Tire Work**

OPPOSITE DEPOT

Hinsdale, Ill.



First National Bank

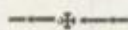
HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

Under United States Government

Supervision

Member Federal Reserve System

Member Chicago Clearing House Association



The Bank that is able and willing to do for its customers everything
that a good bank ought to do

Your accounts solicited, protected and
appreciated

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"



"Bronswood Mausoleum"

Magnificent Compartments, Single or in groups;
wonderful natural surroundings.

Apply to caretaker
on premises.



Compliments
to the
Graduating Class
from
Michael Straus

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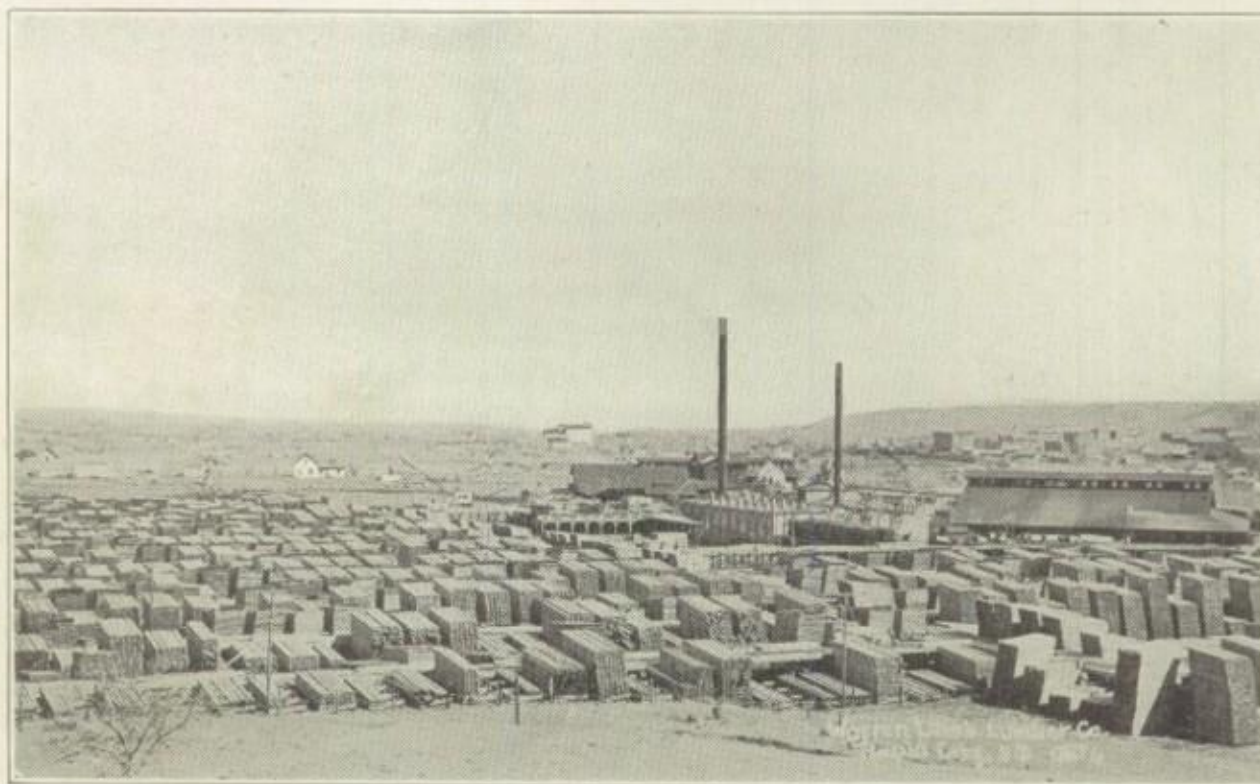
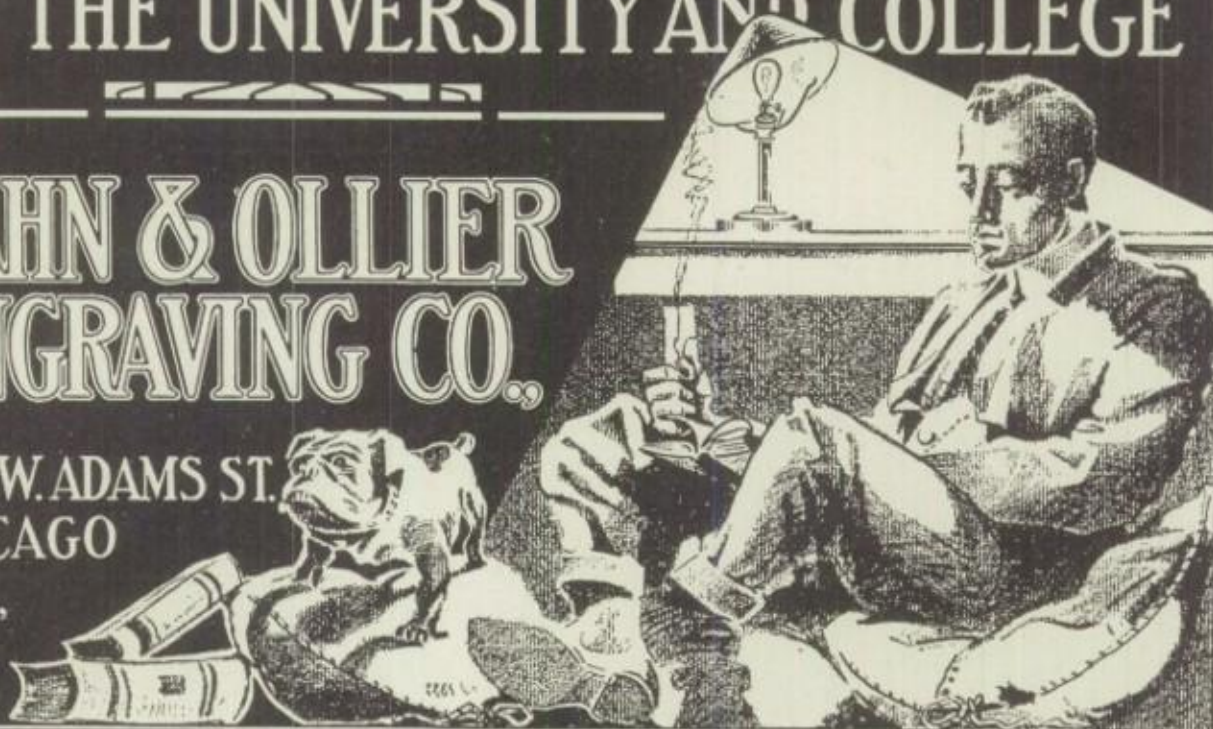
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